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MRS. MERRILL KILLING THE INDIANS.

Women of t'e Revolution.

During the summer of 1778 a harassing and destructive war was carried on by the Indians against the settlers on the western frontier of the United States. Congress was desirous that the numerous tribes of aboriginal inhabitants should either become their allies or remain neutral during the war. At first many of the nations seemed friendly to the United States: but Congress had not the means of supplying them with those European commodities which they were in the habit of using; while the British agents in Canada liberally bestowed upon them the articles of which they stood in need, and zealously invited them to take up arms against the United States. [illegible] their presents and their [illegible] alienated the minds of the [illegible]e Americans, and pre[illegible] espouse the British [illegible]e entire American [illegible] threatened with the toma[illegible] scalping-knife.

Although the storm was foreseen, yet the measures of the Americans, depending on the resolutions of different States and the agency of militia, were not sufficiently prompt to prevent or anticipate the threatened aggression. The Indians, with savage fury, burst into the American territory, carrying death and desolation in their train. The happy settlement of Wyoming became, in a particular manner, the scene of carnage, misery, and ruin. That beautiful tract of country, lying on both sides of the Susquehannah, was claimed both by Connecticut and Pennsylvania; and had been settled by emigrants from the former of those States, who, it is said, purchased the land from the Indians. The settlement was in a most flourishing condition, and contained upward of 1,000 families.

To give an idea of the cruelty and ferocity of the Indians, as illustrative of the times which tried the souls of these "Women of the Revolution," we will itemize a few scenes from the Valley of Wyoming.

On the 1st of July a hostile force, supposed to amount to 1,500 men, composed of 300 Indians under their own chiefs, and upward of 1,000 tories, painted like Indians, commanded by Colonel John Butler, burst into the settlement. They easily gained possession, by treachery, it is said, of one of the upper forts; and they took the other. The two principal forts, Kingston and Wilkesbarre, were situated near each other, but on different sides of the river. Of the first of these Colonel Zebulon Butler took possession, with the greater part of the armed force of the district; and a number of women and children took refuge in the same place. When summoned to surrender the fort, Zebulon Butler refused compliance, but proposed a parley; and a place at some distance from the fort was agreed on for conference. At the head of 400 men, Butler left the fort and marched toward the appointed spot, but found none of the opposite party there. At a still greater distance from the fort, however, and near the foot of a mountain, he saw a flag displayed, and with imprudent confidence proceeded toward it; but, for a while, it retired as he advanced. At length he found himself almost surrounded by the enemy, who, instead of a friendly conference, commenced a furious attack upon them.—In that alarming juncture the Americans displayed much firmness, and fought with such steady courage that the advantage was rather on their side, till a soldier, either through treachery or cowardice, cried out, "The colonel has ordered a retreat!" Instantly his men fell into confusion, and a total rout soon ensued. The troops fled toward the river, which they endeavored to pass in order to enter Fort Wilkesbarre. The enemy pursued with savage fury, massacring without resistance all who fell in their way. So complete was their success, and so destructive their rage, that of 400 men who had marched out to the delusive parley, Col. Zebulon Butler and about twenty others only escaped. In this transaction we are equally surprised at the unsuspecting simplicity of the one party, and the sanguinary conduct of the other.

Next day the Indians and their barbarous white allies invested Fort Kingston. Colonel Dennison, on whom the command of the fort had devolved, sensible of his inability to defend the post, went out with a flag of truce to inquire what terms would be granted to the garrison on surrendering. John Butler, with savage ferocity, replied, "The hatchet." Dennison defended the fort till most of his men were either killed or wuonded, when he surrendered at discretion. A few prisoners were selected; and John Butler, with his Indians and tories, to save themselves the trouble of murdering individually their vanquished enemies, with the women and children, shut them all up in the houses and barracks, set fire to the buildings, and with horrid joy saw them perish in one general conflagration.

Butler next passed over to Wilkesbarre, the feeble garrison of which, trusting to the generosity of the enemy, surrendered at discretion; but they mistook the character of Butler and his associates: for the continental soldiers, amounting to about seventy, were cut in pieces; and the rest of the people in the fort, men, women, and children, were consumed in the flames, as those of Kingston had been. All show of resistance was at an end; but the work of devastation did not cease. About 3,000 persons, without money, clothes, or provisions, precipitately abandoned their homes, and fled from the murderous tomahawk: and, in order, to prevent their return, their enemies destroyed everything they had left behind. In the work of desolation and death, fire and sword were alternately employed; and the settlement, which had lately bloomed like paradise, was converted into a dreary and silent wilderness.

Such is a brief illustration of the horrors of Indian frontier warfare. It was during this summer and this state of affairs, that transpired the extraordinary heroic scene illustrated by our engraving.

The house of Mr. John Merrill, of Nelson county, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He instantly sunk upon the floor, and called upon his wife to close the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon, both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney, but here, again, they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only feather-bed which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke instantly ascended the chimney, and quickly brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she quickly dispatched them, and was instantly afterward summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared, endeavoring to effect an entrance while she was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him with a loud yell to relinquish his purpose.—He returned to Chilicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength and courage of the long-knife squaw.

LIFE'S EVENING.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The bright and blooming morn of youth
Hath faded from the sky,
And the fresh garlands of our hope
Are withered, sere, and dry;
O Thou, whose being hath no end,
Whose years can ne'er decay,
Whose strength and wisdom are our trust,
Abide with us, we pray.

Behold the noonday sun of life
Doth seek its western bound,
And fast the lengthening shadows cast
A heavier gloom around.
And all the glow-worm lamps are dead,
That, kindling round our way,
Gave fickle promises of joy—
Abide with us, we pray.

Dim eve draws on, and many a friend
Our early path that blessed,
Wrapped in the cerements of the tomb,
Have laid them down to rest;
But Thou, the Everlasting Friend,
Whose Spirit's glorious ray
Can gild the dreary vale of death,
Abide with us, we pray.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Common Schools.

As the subject of Common Schools is too much neglected by writers of ability, I will submit a few thoughts that may meet the attention of the reading public.

Teachers, committees and patrons, have become too loose upon this subject, they do'nt see the very important position they occupy in this our day of improvement. Surely! Surely! the good people of this enlightened day do'nt think that the framework of life is marked out in the *common* schools, that there is the place the youth receive their first lessons and that these are the most important of all their course of instruction. Do they remember, that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and if a habit of looseness, intemperance, immorality, unkindness, idleness, slovenliness, disobedience and all that is low and groveling, is formed in youth, it will follow its victims, without a great change, to their final end and leave, not a mark of distinction, but of shame and disgrace to all posterity? Do they remember, that neatness and comfort are great stimulants to purity and industry, and that old, dirty, shackling log huts, with scarcely door or window, benches full of splinters, with neither back nor legs, are eminently calculated to prevent the development of taste, and create a feeling of reckless indifference to all forms of beauty and refinement? And, moreover, do they not know that while adults, much less children, are uncomfortably seated, they are in no condition for study, and cannot possibly keep the mind on the lesson when constantly thinking about their seats? And may I not add, that there has been time enough lost in the last five years, by children, rigling and screwing on some miserable old slabs or moving from one place to another, in search of a place to rest their weary frame, to furnish every child in attendance at school, with a neat desk and comfortable seat.

And if our free school-houses were properly built and properly furnished, as they should be, and Committees would employ such teachers as know *how* to teach, for there is as much in knowing how to teach as what to teach; what a great reformation would shortly be seen in the "Old North State."

Parents could then keep their children under their own superintendance and not be compelled to send them to a Boarding School to spend money and form ruinous habits before they are old enough, to feel their own interest. But under existing circumstances, what inducement is offered to a man of talent and taste to make this his calling? Why, let me give one example of the reward of the teacher. Once when I was trying to impart some general information to my pupils (for I sometimes try to teach) I struck upon the subject of Botany, and while thus employed, I [illegible]'d a beautiful flower, in the hand of one of my little girls; I quickly grasped it and commenced the analysis before the class, showing and nameing its different parts; but when the children returned home and told their parents what I had been telling them the reply of one of them was—"I think your Master is nothing but a fop, for he's always telling you something we know nothing about." Just so; tell the ignorant something they know nothing about and they will denounce you immediately as a fop, or something worse. H. E. C.

The Word of Life.

It is said of a certain English philosopher that, when he commenced reading his Bible, he took his pencil, resolved to mark all the passages which should strike him as specially beautiful or important. When he had finished the book, he found, of course, that he had marked a great many texts. Upon giving it a second perusal, however, he perceived that fully as many more deserved to be marked. And thus, as often as he read the Book, he found "new beauties and still-increasing light," until the marginal stripes ran down nearly every page. The truth is, the more we read the sacred word, the more beauty and wisdom and mercy we see in it; and as our experience of life changes, various texts become more appreciable and significant to us, because more applicable to our altered circumstances.

In the mean while, the various temperaments, styles of mind, and degrees of culture to be met with in the world, are perfectly suited and provided for by some portion of the Word. Dr. James Hamilton has a pleasant passage in illustration of this fact. Suppose, he says, that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven; the text through whose open lattice a reconcilled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, for it was when reading about the Lamb led to the slaughter that his eyes were directed to the Lamb of God, and he went his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Binney, would vindicate the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penances had only rendered more weighty. There was a "stricken deer," who had long been panting for the water-brooks, but had yet found no comfort; when, one day taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, "Whom God hath set forth a propitiation through his blood, to declare his righteousness for the sins that are past;" and instantly realized the sufficiency of the attonement, and embraced the gospel; and, doubtless, the bard of Olney would signalize by the most brilliant memorial that whereby the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that, like Jacob, who at Luz would always see the light of the ladder lingering, every time he turned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would receive a surviving trace of that manifestation which into his vacant, wistful soul brought "the only wise God;" and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy the vastest powers and the longest existence.

Mrs. Blitz, wife of Signor Blitz, died in Brooklin on Saturday.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

We Sat Beside the Gliding River.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

We sat beside the gliding river
Just as the sunset's rosy veil
Was flung with faint and tremulous quiver
Over the foam-wreaths white and pale:
In emerald robes the trees were gleaming,
On peaceful slopes the cattle fed;
And there were none to break our dreaming,
Or list the words we said.

We sat beside the gliding river
Till the sky lost its soft warm hue,
Till the night-wind through thick boughs shivered,
And stars peered through the blue:
And now tho' we are widely parted
I think to night, I think *forever*
Of smiles that shone and tears that started
Beside the gliding river!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC--MISCELLANEOUS.

BY WILLIAM HAUSER. M. D.

NUMBER VII.

Haydn's Creation—Handel's Messiah.

Who has not read and heard of these two celebrated, unapproached, and unapproachable *Oratorios*, on which rests the fame of Michael Haydn and of George Frederic Handel?

Germany alone seems capable of producing men of the intellectual mould of Luther, Puffendorf, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Tholuck, and the Humboldts, the last of whom, the great Alexander Von Humboldt, has died the present year, and left behind,

"A fame which, before him, no mortal had won."

While Theology, and Law, and Music, and the Physical Sciences are loved and studied among men, the intellectual giants of Germany will hold the highest place in the honoring, hero-worshipping thoughts of all.

"Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;"

but such men as I have mentioned are greater than kings and lords; they are the glory of human kind, made by God's own hand, and owe their fame to such principles of solid worth as men, capable of appreciating them, can never fail to honor.

But I set out to talk of the "*Creation*," and of the "*Messiah*." Well, who but Michael Haydn, with his sublime German soul, could have thought of going back to the hour when Chaos brooded in horrid gloom over all we now call the World, and of describing by musical notes the awful confusion that existed ere the Eternal said, "Let there be light"? With notes of horrible discord, to be made by trumpet, drum, horn, hautboy, and organ, this prince of musical philosophers brings up the world of Chaos in one mighty overture, and keeps it long enough before the mind to make every hearer groan for deliverance from it: When lo! light breaks forth at the fiat of the Almighty, and music, mellifluous as the strains of angels, tells the glad story of the happy change. But I must cease this particularity. I meant not to write a review of this master-piece of music, but only so to commend it that others might get and enjoy it for themselves.

As for the "Messiah" two centuries of repetition in a thousand forms have only made the wise and good of all lands love it more and more and study to understand and enjoy it. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given," has never been sung as Handel sings it; since Isaiah's hallowed fingers swept his ancient Judean harp for the last time. And "Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace! good will to men!" never found utterance in adequate strains after the "angels had gone away into heaven," till Handel siezed the lyre, and held the nations spell-bound, enchanted, entranced, by his mighty utterances. Every child should learn

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled:"

all should learn to sing it, I repeat, and that in sublime Handelian strains.

The *bravera* music, now so universally popular, has its use, and its strains are sweet; but who that thinks himself immortal and of close kindred to the skies can be content with strains that never roll and swell with heavenly grandeur as if God's own mighty orchestra of angels had come again to earth and were pealing forth an anthem so loud and grand

"That all the world might hear."

Let every christian minister and layman, lady and child, get these two grand Oratories and study them well. $1.25 in postage stamps sent to Oliver Ditson &Co. Boston Mass. will bring you either of these oratorios, postage paid. They are handsomely printed and bound; I may just say, *Ditsonially* printed and bound, and that will be enough for all who are acquainted with the productions of that unrivaled House.

August 4th 1859.

Charles Dickens is said to have given up his promised visit to the United States.

Ex President Pierce has declined a public reception at Concord, N. H.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—*Throwing Cars Off the Track.*—Several times during the past few months attempts have been made to throw the passenger trains on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad off the track at different points along the line. The Cincinnati papers have some interesting disclosures concerning the wretches who undertook to accomplish the villainy.—We condense the following:

The mayor of Cincinnati placed the whole matter in detective Reany's hands. Reany proceeded to the points where the attempts had been made, and by shrewd methods managed to ascertain who the parties were, and by a system of wire-working, ingratiated himself so thoroughly into their favor that he learned when and where the next effort would be made, and stealthily laying his plans he was rewarded by capturing two men in the very act. One of the gang informed Reany that his party had several times undertaken to throw the cars from the track for the purpose of robbing passengers in the confusion which would necessarily follow the accident, and that the intention was to place a log on the road near a steep bank on the night of the 30th, which, had the plan been carried out, would have caused the loss of numerous lives.

Reany was expected to go to Vincennes and get on board the train, observe the car containing the passengers likely to have the most valuables and when the train reached the spot where it was to be thrown off, to jump from platform as best he could. Other persons in the league were to be stationed at the point where the accident would occur, and they were to assist in plundering the living, the dying and the dead. A compact had been formed by which various parties, in case of an arrest, were to swear to the innocence of the prisoner, or do anything to prevent his punishment.

Of course, the dastardly outrage of throwing off the train did not take place, and on Wednesday morning the mayor received a telegram from Reany, dated at Clay city stating that two scoundrels who had made the attempts had been arrested and lodged in jail at Salem, Ill. This will probably be the first step towards breaking up another gang of the most desperate outlaws that infest the South or West.

NEGRO WEDDING IN JAIL.—We read in the Detroit *Free Press:* "A young negro wench made her appearance at the jail on Sunday afternoon and demanded to be married. She was decked out in all the finery she could muster, having got herself up for the occasion without regard to expense. A wreath of hollyhocks encircled her head, set off in the back-ground by a thicket of asparagus, over which was thrown a green vail to hide her blushes and the lustre of her teeth, as with a benign smile she struck a position in front of the grates and pointed out her intended. To the astonishment of all this favored individual proved to be an old darkey, who from age and rheumatism, was totally unable to move, as he lay stretched out in one of the corridors. She insisted that she was not mistaken, and the old fellow was accordingly passed out into the hall by his companions in misery, and placed in a chair for the ceremony. The darkies gathered around in the corridors, peered through the grates, and hung in festoons about the doors and windows, so that, but for the relief of the few white faces present, the ceremony would have been performed in the midst of a cloud of sable gloom fit for the most Ethiopian of tragedies. The Sheriff was there in the most active superintendence, and with a face beaming with satisfaction at the prospect of so happy a termination to the troubles of one of his oldest subjects. They stood up and were married by Justice Purdy, and, the ceremony over, the bride turned around, and gave the old fellow a smack that savored of earnestness fully expressed. They had no place on earth to go to, and the aged darkey was put back for the night, the bride promising to come back for him as soon as she got quarters. Somebody asked her what she wanted to marry such an old codger for, at which she indignantly replied, 'Kase I lubs him—dat's de reason; I jess lub de groun' he walks on, and he is good enuf for anybody, so he is. Now I hopes ye knows.' The old fellow took it coolly, and paid no attention to the dry jokes cracked among his comrades on the inside at his expense.

A FATAL RENCONTRE.

Georgetown, S. C., Sept. 1st.—A very sad affair has just occurred here, in an affray between Richard D. Evans and Leonard Dozier, Jr. The latter drew a revolver and fired five shots at the former, two of which entered the middle of his breast and one going through his heart. Evans died within five minutes.

Two weeks ago an assault was made by Dozier upon Evans, which laid him up for several days, and this was the first opportunity Evans had to attack Dozier, which he did with a stick, which affair has terminated so fatally. Dozier had his head laid open by Evans.—*Correspondence Charleston Courier.*

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—In order to meet the felt want of a religious literature among the Presbyterian Churches of this State, and to furnish them with religious books in kind and quantity at a convenient point, we understand a Presbyterian Book Store has been established in Fayetteville under very favorable auspices. We believe the missionary Baptist Churches of the State have also a depository or agency for their books at Raleigh, and they are circulated by means of Colporters to some extent.

At the last session of the Methodist Conference at Newbern, a project to organize a Book and Tract Company on the joint stock plan was initiated, for the purpose of establishing a Methodist Book and Tract Depository at Raleigh, in order to supply their numerous Churches in this State, with religious books. The Agent, Rev. C. P. Jones visited our place last week, and obtained seven shares to the stock. Too little by far for so good an object, but more than some other Churches have done, with much larger means. We are surprised that an object which commends itself so strongly to the intelligence and piety of that Church, does not meet with greater success. We are sure, if the real objects and aims of the enterprise were fully understood and appreciated, that the Agent must have obtained $25,000 in stock, the first six months.

The several Christian Churches of this land, owe it to God and themselves, to their children and the unconverted who wait on their ministry, to furnish every reader with a sound, godly literature.—How else can they expect the ignorant to be made fully *wise* unto salvation, and how else can the bad influence of the poisonous literature with which the country is flooded, be counteracted? We would not trench in these matters upon the province of the religious press, but the visit of Mr. Jones called it up, and many of our readers are interested in it. —*Washington Dispatch.*

BLONDIN OUTDONE.—The Rochester *Union* has the following: "A couple of Brockport boys—Cornes and Parker—have, for some time past, been practicing on the tight rope for the amusement of the people of the village. They have a rope drawn across the canal from the American to the tavern on the towing path, and there show their dexterity. We are told that they start at the same time, one from each end of the rope, and meeting in the centre, over the water, some twenty feet above it, they pass—one seating himself and the other stepping over him. It is said that these young men have made an engagement to go to Watertown, Jefferson county, and walk over Black River, where it runs through a frightful chasm. This is young America all over. No Frenchman can introduce any thing here as the study of a lifetime, but some Yankee boy can compete with him successfully in sixty days."

SEA BIRD.—The question is often asked, where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst, but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with inconceivable fleetness. How long sea birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without it for many days if not several weeks.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

THE CATAWBA GRAPE.—A couple of our enterprising citizens are engaged in the culture of this delightful fruit on quite an extensive scale. They each planted a large vineyard, and we are informed that they have been very successful with the crop this year. One of them started for New York a few days since with upwards, of a hundred boxes, where he anticipates realizing a handsome profit on the investment.—*Tuskegee Republican.*

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring in conduct—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgement—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

A CHALLENGE.—A Judge Butler, of Norwich, Conn., challenged Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, or Prof. Loomis, or both, to meet him before an imperial board of three in defence of the theory of atmospheric currents and storm which they promulgated at Springfield.—He proposes to deposit $500, $100 of which is to be paid to the professor for each one of his five propositions which he fails to prove.

A MOTHER ROASTS HER CHILD.

Portland, Aug. 31st.—A mulatto woman, named Wilton, has been arrested in Scarborough, in this State, charged with murdering her son, aged 15, on Monday last, and afterwards placing his body in an oven, and then setting fire to the house. The remains of the boy were subsequently found in the oven.

George Loring, the absconding Grand Master of Masons in England, has turned up at Clifton, C. W. It will be remembered that he stole $20,000 of the funds of the Order.

KANSAS.—We have news from Kansas of a renewal of the border troubles. Armed bands of Missourians had invaded the Territory of Kansas, and on the 5th of August one of these parties forcibly seized on Wright, at the town of Barnesville, and conveyed him to a point distant fourteen miles from the line. Captain Montgomery interfered, and demanded the release of Wright. A conference was agreed to, and negotiations were commenced, but at last accounts neither the man nor his captors had been delivered up. At a public meeting held in Lawrence, August 24, Captain Montgomery made a statement of the facts of the case, and there was intense excitement in the town.—Montgomery states that he has received reliable information that indictments have been found in Missouri against large numbers of persons in Kansas, and that armed bands of Missourians have avowed their intentions to capture these parties at all hazards.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, Sept. 1st.—General Lane in a private letter says, in relation to the Presidency, that he is content to place himself in the hands of his friends, and will take no step to bring himself before the people as a candidate.

Judge Douglas intends leaving Washington on Monday next, and proceeding via Pittsburg to attend the United States fair at Chicago, on the 12th inst. It is now probable he will be able, while on his way, to comply with the request of the Democratic State Central Committee of Ohio to canvass that State so far as to deliver several speeches.

Governor Willard, of Indiana, and Governor Sibley, of Minnesota, are at the Hotel. Ex-Senator Soule is also in this city.

THE GOVERNORS OF KENTUCKY.—The 15th gubernation term of Kentucky commenced on Tuesday, when Hon. Beriah Magoffin was inaugurated and entered upon the discharge of the duties of his office. The Commonwealth was admitted into the Union in 1792, and the first Governor elected was Isaac Shelby, a hero of the Revolution, who served for eight years, until the Second Constitution went into operation. Gov. Shelby was afterwards re-elected, and was the only person upon whom the distinguished honor of acting more than one term as Chief Magistrate of the State was ever conferred.

VICE PRESIDENT BRECKINRIDGE.—The special Washington correspondent of the New York Herald telegraphs to that paper, that Judge Black has received a letter from Vice President Breckinridge, in which he deprecates any use whatever of his name in connection with the nomination for the Presidency. It is said that he prefers a seat in the Senate; and it is supposed by the Herald's correspondent that the recently elected Legislature of Kentucky will elect him as the successor to Mr. Crittenden, whose term expires March, 1864.

A MISER SERVED RIGHT:—The Mayor of Charleston, S. C., last week fined Dr. C. M. Rinker $200 for burying the corpse of a nego woman in his cellar. The defendant is a notorious miser, and had buried the body there in order to avoid paying $1,62½, funeral expenses.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On the 19th inst., Mrs. Ready went with her child about two years old, to a daguerreotype saloon in New Orleans, La., to get the child's likeness taken. When this was done, the little one, in strutting round the room, drank the contents of a cup which looked like water, but proved to be cyanide of potassium, which caused the child's death in half an hour.

YELLOW FEVER AT N. O.—Several gentlemen who arrived in this city yesterday, says the Memphis Enquirer, of the 24th of August, report the prevalence of yellow fever at New Orleans. A recent report of the Board of Health of that city announced one or two isolated cases; since then, however, the disease has become epidemic.

RATHER TOUGH THREATENING.—The Black Republican candidate for Governor in Ohio, says: "If I am elected Governor of Ohio—and I expect to be—no fugitive slave shall be sent back to Kentucky, or any other slave State; if I cannot otherwise protect from his pursuers, *I will employ the bayonet*, so help me, God!

ANCIENT BEESWAX.—The Houston (Texas) Telegraph states that the stage drivers and passengers on the last trip from Velasco picked up on the beach, several cakes of beeswax, which are supposed to be portions of a cargo of beeswax that formed the loading of a vessel which foundered in the Gulf of Mexico, in 1833, and was designed for the use of the Churches in Mexico. For many years similar waifs have been thrown on the beach in that section of country.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE FAIR.—is to be held on the 8th, 9th and 11th of November. The annual address will be delivered by Hon. Jos. A. Woodward of Winnsboro.

Our South Carolina friends ought to make better arrangements to accommodate visitors than they had at the last Exhibition. Many persons had to sit up or walk the streets of Columba all night for the want of lodgings. A prominent farmer in the eastern part of this State told us the other day that he attended the exhibition last year and had to sit up the whole night in the office of one of the Hotels. People who go to such places are generally able to pay for accommodations. The citizens of Columbia, no doubt, will do something to remedy the difficulty this time.

While on this subject we might as well say, what many know from experience, that the accommodation at Raleigh, during the Fair of our own State, are not sufficient. The public don't expect or want the Raleigh people to entertain visitors at the annual Exhibitions for nothing, but they have a right to expect a place to sleep and something to eat for money. If nothing better can be done, let mattrasses be spread in the Capitol (the people's house,) and with a little bread and cheese no one will suffer for a few days at least.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

J. W. DOAK, *Surv. Partner.*

Aug. 8th 1859. 32-tf.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm't

Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1: French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—ly)

AN AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF

WM. KNABE & Co's CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Established in Wilmington, N. C.

HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY FOR the sale of the above unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakosh, Satter, Vieuxtempts, beside the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O'B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach., Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro Female College &c.,

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, ☞ They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by

GEO. H. KELLEY,

(jy, 30-1y) Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1859.

Country and City—Wealth and Woe—Life as it is—Distinguished Foreigners—Of Poets generally, and Newspaper Poets in particular, wherein the latter are compared to dilapidated fiddles, for lack of a better simile—Cowhiding and virago's, in which it is endeavored to be shown that *ladies* who have no respect for themselves should have some for their unfortunate friends—Rope-walking, its convenience and economy, in which the writer conclusively shows that it is "better to be born lucky than rich"—A Jersey Elopement case, in which married ladies are cautioned against pretty single sisters—A promised treat—Senator Douglas as an author, in which it is considered he would make a more successful speaker—Horace Greeley's misfortunes at Utah—The Drama; and our Salaam.

My Dear Times.—Here we are, brushing sharply along to the close of another month, and a few hours more will have pitched us head over heels into the busy arena of beautiful September. Already Saratoga and Newport, Cape May and Long Branch are beginning to feel the effects of chilly mornings and damp evenings, and again the tide of fashionable life has set city-ward.—The massive palaces of Fifth Avenue begin slowly to open their drowsy lids and shake their dusty feathers, after their summer lethargy.—The gaudy shop windows are donning the hues of Fall, and the tall trees of our public squares are beginning to look exceedingly crest-fallen after their season's frolic,—and so wags the world.—

The world! what a brief but comprehensive term this is. The world! whose destiny is as mysterious as the mighty millions it bears upon its breast, and how mysterious the destiny of these! Such were the thoughts which flashed across my mind, a few mornings since, during the perusal of a daily journal. On the first page a lengthy heading in all the dignity of large type, succeeded by two solid columns of Brevier, announced in an elaborate article, the marriage of a beautiful and accomplished heiress.—Immediately following this, in a brief paragraph of Nonpariel, was the short, sad story of a "shameful life" terminating in an ignominious death. And again, not far from this, in similar type and of about equal length was the simple history of a poor destitute family who had once occupied a prominent position in an Eastern metropolis, but whom misfortune had overtaken, robbed and left to perish.—Already had the father died from actual want, and the mother, too proud to beg, lived only a few hours to bless her children in the new home which strangers had provided for them.

Such was the record of a single day, and how many days it takes to fill the volume of a lifetime.

It seems that we are to have an extra compliment of "great guns" aboard our gallant frigate *America* this year, as besides the rumored visit of Charles Dickens we are to be honored by the presence of two other of the British *distingue*, viz: "Tom Taylor" the author of Laura Keene's $30,000—more familiarly known as "Our American Cousin," of which I have before taken occasion to speak. The other is "Alfred Tennyson."—the English Laureate—and not a very great poet at that. The fact is, the world is sadly deficient in poets at the present day and it never needed them more. I scarcely know of one this side Lethe's stream worthy the name. As for our newspaper *poets*—whew! they are worse than an orchestra of one string "fiddles" with the backs out of them.

There is a terrible mania ju t now for cowhiding and rope-walking. Of the former first. A certain rather fast merchant of hereabouts with more ardor than discretion, and whose business requires the assistance of a number of the fairer sex, recently fell desperately in love with a pretty piece of crinoline which composed part and parcel of his "help." Now, be it known that the said gentleman aforesaid had long since fallen, slid or been pushed over the dam of matrimony, and consequently was not exactly at liberty (his *cara sposa* being still extant and of sound mind (?) and not otherwise incompetent) to hitch another string to his bow. And this was undoubtedly the opinion of his "good lady," for on the information of her lord's attachment reaching her ears, she immediately posted off to the nearest store and invested the small sum of 25 cents in a delicate little cowhide. This secured, she started off in search of the pretty piece of crinoline before alluded to, and was not long in discovering the object of her search. The next operation was to apply the whip to the best advantage, which the infuriated "victim of misplaced confidence" was not long in doing—as the bruised and lacerated form of her victim can attest. *En passant*,—another cowhiding affair took place at Boston about the same time. Will these pugilistic females never cease to outrage the modesty of their sex, or bring themselves into unenviable notoriety, and public ridicule? We hope so for the sake of the society they should adorn, and those who are unfortunate enough to be connected with them.

Now then for the rope-walkers. Since the unheard feats of Blondin and De Lave our Common Council have decided to construct rope-walks along either side of Broadway for the benefit of the ladies in wet weather. Aint they feeling individuals? This elates us *some*, for it just saves our last dollar which on the morrow was to have been expended in the purchase of a *new umbrella*. Hurrah! Hurrah! We are beginning to think, *we* are, that after all there is some virtue in the trite maxim "better to be born lucky than rich." What thinks my good friend "*Times?*"

Rather an interesting affair occurred in the elopement line in Jersey last week, involving the happiness and honor of two respectable families. It was simply this. A Jersey Editor,—the head of a small family—and in the meridian of life became infatuated with his wife's sister—a handsome young lady of two and twenty with whom he decamped for California. The birds had flown before suspicion was aroused, and consequently no attempt was made to arrest their flight. The editor leaves behind him two interesting children an (it is said) an affectionate wife—*Married ladies beware of your single sisters!*

Another elopement affair pertaining to this city awaits my next missive. It is decidedly rich.

Senator Douglass makes his first appearance as a *litterateur* in the columns of Harper's Monthly for September. His article is political, and like all such, more bulky than interesting. As far as we are concerned we would not be hired to wade through the current political matter on a heavy salary. *Speak* politics, Judge, and try your pen at something else, or let it stand in *statu quo*.

At last accounts Horace Greeley was rusticating among the Morman ladies.—Poor Horace, we "*knew* thee well!"—Alas! for all earthly hopes! Mrs. G. is said to have become reconciled to r he fate!

Our theatrical establishments are drawing aside their curtains for the Fall Campaign. Wallack's opened with a good company last week and Laura Keene began her season under the most flattering auspices on Monday last. These are our most fashionable establishments, and employ the finest histrionic talent in the country. Your Southern friends should make a note of this when they visit our metropolis. Other places of amusement quiet.

Au revoir, friend "Times," and remember us "when twilight falls" &c., &c.

As ever yours,
QUEERSTREET.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sep. 2d, '59.

Theatrical—A New and Popular American Comedy—Our Nicaraguan Minister—The Great Eastern Steamship—Curious Meteorological phenomenon—Its effect on the Telegraph wires—New line of Steamers—New Quarterly Review.

Last night our theatre opened with a new stock company, and, as is usual on such occasions every part of the house was well filled. A new American Comedy "The Cynic" by Geo. H. Miles, Esq., was for the first time put upon the boards and elicited unbounded applause. The author is a man of genius, and a ripe scholar who has already given to American dramatic literature some of its richest gems. I refer to the well known plays "Mohammed," "De Soto," "Senor Valiente," etc. "The Cynic," I am sure, is destined to become a great favorite among the drama-loving people of this country. The plot is simple but admirably conceived, while the language is, in the highest degree, chaste and elegant. At intervals throughout the piece, the witty sallies of an English chambermaid in social converse with a half-swaggering, half cringing cockney valet, furnish homely but truthful contrasts of English, as compared with American manners.

Hon. Alexander Dimitry, our newly appointed Minister to Central America, left this city yesterday with his family to take the next steamer that leaves New York for the scene of his future labors.

A private despatch has just been received by the steamer Jason, via Cape Race, announcing that Mr. Lever's proposition for the privilege of running the Great Eastern on her first trip to the United States has been accepted, and that she will sail on the 15th inst., and make the port of New York her destination. This mammoth steamship, should she fulfil the hopes of her builders, will work quite a revolution in steam navigation. Her length is something over seven hundred feet and the breadth of her deck about ninety. She will be consigned to Wells, Butterfield & Co., the American Express Company.

Last Sunday night and again last night there was a very beautiful and remarkable display of the Aurora Borealis in the northern portion of the heavens. The light was of a bright crimson shade, quite different from the usual white color of the northern lights. As connected with this I may notice that this morning one of the most startling as well as singular electrical phenomena occurred on the telegraph lines throughout the United States, that has ever taken place in this country. It has been manifested on the various telegraph lines throughout the country during all this forenoon, causing much annoyance to the operators. A series of currents of electricity, entirely independent of the batteries, seem to have taken possession of the wires, and to such an extent that the National Telegraph line was *actually* enabled to *send messages* from New York to Pittsburg, Pa., *correctly* without the *use of a galvanic battery*, using this independent electricity of the air in the place of that supplied by the ordinary batteries! I understand that Prof. Henry is devoting especial attention to this subject, and it may result in throwing light upon the cause and effect of the Aurora Borealis, so long a subject of discussion among our *savans*.

From this date a semi-weekly line of steamships will run between this city and New York. This is regarded by our merchants as quite an important step in the commercial progress of our city.

A democratic National Quarterly Review is shortly to be started in this city. The editor is Hon. T. B. Florence of Philadelphia. It will be carried on with much dignity, learning and spirit, so as to compare favorably with the great English Quarterlies, so much respected in this country. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH. N. C., Sep. 5th.

The Great Evil of the day—The Bank of N. C.—The Aurora—Hogue, the Murderer—A North Carolina Vessel—Chinese Flag—Gigantic Speculation—Accident to Judge Saunders—The Oak City Guards once more—BOLLS and BALES.

Dear Times—The alarming increase of rowdyism, disorder, bloodshed and crime in the Northern cities, and more particularly in Baltimore, is of sufficient importance to attract a serious animadversion, even from the most careless observer.—Day by day the papers teem with specific details of the most horrible description, persons knocked down, robbed and even murdered in broad daylight on the most crowded thoroughfare, women openly insulted, often times shot, pursuing their lawful avocations under the fancied security of the law and the reckless vagabond, ruffian or murderer evades the grasp of justice or, if he is so unfortunate as to be condemned, is looked upon as a victim of "old fogy" notions, and is held up as a proper subject for the sympathy and the petitions of the community. This state of things is working an immense deal of injury, not only to those particular cities, but to the whole country, in fact to the democratic system in general. The pleasure seeker, the capitalist, the merchant, the business man will all turn away, while the enemies of Republican institutions, throughout the world, laugh to scorn our practical exemplification of self-government. As the time approaches to exercise the right of suffrage, one of the greatest boons of a free people, the spirit of misrule grows rampant, until it reaches a climax on the day of election. In view of this state of things a meeting of all the friends of law and order, in Baltimore, is called to take some preliminary steps to secure their triumph at next election.—The crisis demands even more active measures, a wise dictatorship for one day would be an incalculable blessing to these rowdies, by whatever name they may be known and it is very probable until some severe measures are used and much bad blood shed, order will never reign in Baltimore. The root of the evil lies deep in the social system, a corruption of the most frightful kind is festering in the very core of our educational arrangements, and it is developed until it has become a monstrous canker, eating into and destroying our body politic. The boy must be well brought up in order to make the true man; he must be disciplined to suffer hardship, to love virtue for herself and to hate vice under her most attractive disguise.

The books for the new subscription to the Bank of North Carolina were closed on the 31st. A very large amount has been subscribed; in fact, more than enough to make up the entire deficiency has been put down at this point alone. The scaling down must necessarily be very severe, probably more than one half.

The Northern papers are quite brilliant in their accounts of the aurora on Sunday night, the 28th ult. In Maine it was unusually bright—in absolute perfection. In Washington it was decidedly beautiful, and was followed by a calm and lovely day. Here it dwindled down into a roseate blush, like the cavern of an illuminated shell, and came just between two days of stormy wind and rain. At the North, too, the telegraphic instruments were so much affected during the whole night, that no arrangements could induce them to transmit the steamer's news.

A petition has been carried around our streets for signature, requesting the Governor to interpose his clemency in Hogue's case. We have not heard that it has been attended with any great success. The criminal has several times succeeded in freeing himself from his irons, and a large and dangerous knife has been found concealed on his person. His wife died a day or two since.

The New York Commercial Advertiser, speaking of the steamers recently purchased by Government for the Paraguay expedition, and on their return fitted out for various services, mentions the "Southern Star," now the "Crusader," getting ready at Philadelphia for her place in the Home Squadron. This craft was built this year in Murfreesboro, of oak. Can this be a North Carolina vessel? and if so, is she the only representative of our State in the naval service?

The Governor has received the Chinese flag captured by Lieut. Guthrie in 1856, in an engagement with a barrier fort at Canton. This gallant officer is a native of Chatham, we beheve, and is at present engaged at the National Observatory. A highly complimentary letter to him from the Governor appears in the papers, reciting the resolutions passed by the last Legislature in his behalf.

Shocco Springs is to be made the prize in a gigantic raffle, three hundred chances at $150, each; the contest to be decided at the closing ball, sometime this month. A fitting disposition of a place so much celebrated for such scenes.

The Hon. R. M. Saunders met with a painful accident a few days ago, in getting out of a boat at Beaufort.—Though not of a serious nature, the consequences has been such as to confine him for some days.

The Oak City Guards, under their new organization, Capt. High at their head, made a gala day of it on Friday last. They had a dinner and target practice at Cowan's spring, a pleasant dell, near the quarry, and ended by a parade. Private Jones won the prize, a plume.

Your types made a funny mistake in the last paragraph of our letter of the 29th ult, substituting a "BALE" of cotton for "BOLL;" however a gentleman informs us that a friend of his in Pitt has a BALE, ready for market. The Mobile papers anncunce considerable amount of the new crop, already in market.

Yours Respectfully,
P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORY, Aug. 31st. 1859.

Northern Lights—Firemen—Improvements—Fifth Avenue Hotel—Lord & Taylor—Wheeler & Wilson—The Croton Water—Politics.

The Aurora Borealis, the most beautiful and perhaps extensive ever known, I witnessed from its commencement to its close. About 7 P. M. in its first appearance low down the horizon, several hook and ladder and fire companies wheeled out and tore around the corners, with great speed, for the purpose of putting it out, but alas, for once, they signally failed and despite all human efforts, it spread and rose till the heavenly structure seemed to be all in a flame. The firemen went home and hid the "*mersheen*."

A silly report went out some weeks since that owing to a wonderful discovery, New-York was about to be ruined, and that real estate had already gone down in consequence of the report that owing to a defect in titles, two hundred millions would go back to the city. The truth is, estate was never so high, and improvements of the most substantial and elegant kind never so rife as now. Broadway especially gives evidence of investments amounting to millions of dollars in the erection of some of the finest stores in the world. Money is plenty and people in good spirits; trade never better..

Lord & Taylor, for twenty years a Grand-Street retail house, have just opened on Broadway, and have erected one of the finest stores in the city or America.

The "Eno House," on Broadway and 5th-Avenue Hotel, situated at 23d-Street, very high up town, opened last week under a company. It is an elegant but plain structure, fitted up in magnificent style, and accommodates 700 guests with entire comfort. Two or three other large hotels have just been opened. The tendency is all up town.

Stepping into Wheeler & Wilson's Machine saloons yesterday, I saw Mr. Wheeler, and his last invoice of machines from the factory, which now turns out 100 per day. The whole *bona fide* number now reaches over 142,000 machines.—Then if we look at at least 100 other factories, it would seem as if the country was turning into sewing machines. Cradles, flax brakers, looms, spinning wheels where are ye? "gone, glimmering." A machine is coming out now to be "*full jewelled*."

The Croton panic is over. The most eminent chemists have decided that the water was filled with an "unusual amount of vegetable matter;" that "it was perfectly harmless," yet they could give no whys nor wherefores.

The Republicans hold their State Convention on the 7th; the Democrats on the 14th, and the Americans on the 21st September. It is thought the Americans will select a ticket from the other two; and having the balance of power if they do, no party will succeed. Americans will elect; Democrats and Republicans control the affairs of the State. "*Nous Verrons.*" Yours, E.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C,
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL
is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts. per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	" "	"
3	"	"	17	" "	"
4	"	"	22	" "	"
5	"	"	27	" "	"
6	"	"	32	" "	"
7	"	"	38	" "	"
8	"	"	42	" "	"
10	"	"	60	" "	"
12	"	"	72	" "	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McR. RAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches $40 to $55 per session. Latin and Greek each $7,50. French $5. Ornamentals very low. *Board and half the tuition required in advance.*

☞ 30 *Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.* ☜

Wanted Situations for *Southern Female Teachers.* For full info rmation address,
REV. W. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
June 27th 1859.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Sept. 10, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. R. HUNTER,	R. G. STAPLES,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. P. ROCKWELL,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
MARY W. JANVRIN,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
WILLIE E. PABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON.	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. G. DUNN,	Mrs. DI VERNON,
ANNA M. BATES.	PAUL RIVINWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD.	Mdm. O. W. LeVERT
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
GRIFFITH J. McREE.	J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.	and others.

The Smithsonian Institution.

Comparatively but very few of the people of this country are aware of the important services which this Institution, founded in the Nation's capital by the munificent legacy of an English Millionaire, is daily rendering to the cause of Science. At the recent meeting of the Scientific Association in New Haven, Conn., Prof. Henry, the Superintendent of the Institution gave a detailed account of the different modes in which American Science was receiving an impulse at Washington. The most noticeable feature of his remarks was his description of the method pursued in taking the meteorological observations made under his direction. By this plan what has been the aim of National Philosophers for ages has at last been accomplished and it is now possible *to predict the weather* with absolute certainty at least twenty-four hours in advance. This is done by means of a Meteorological chart representing the United States, and all the principal points therein. From each of these points daily telegraphic reports of the weather are received and recorded upon the chart by means of discs of the various colors representing the various conditions of the weather and which are affixed to the map by pins, projecting for that purpose. Now under the grand principle that all storms travel Eastward, the process of predicting the weather, with such a chart at hand, becomes a very simple one.—The Eastward progress of a storm can be traced with the utmost ease from point to point and we can tell within a very short time at what precise period it will reach Washington. During last winter this process was practically tested, and proved a complete success, so much so that the Directors of the Smithsonian Institution could always decide a day beforehand whether the coming weather would make it expedient to advertise a lecture on the ensuing night. The attainment of this long sought means of becoming "weather-wise" will mark an Era in the scientific history, not only of America, but of the world.

Such enterprising and novel experiments which are continually being tried at the Smithsonian Institute, should encourage the friends of science throughout the Union to lend their support to the cause by communicating to the officers of the Institute, the latest and most reliable intelligence concerning new and striking scientific phenomena wherever they may occur.

BLONDIN AT NIAGARA.—The Buffalo *Express* states that a few days since, Blondin crossed the Niagara river on his rope, personating a slave, with manacles. He had a collar about his neck, a chain pendant to his arms, and two others from his wrists to his ancles.—We can but *hope* in a spirit of philanthropy that he may never be *collared* by the sheriff. But, when a man begins to sink, there is no telling how deep he will go.

Grape Culture at the South.

We observe with much pleasure the increasing interest paid to the culture of the grape in the Middle and South Atlantic States. The *Observer* states that there is a vineyard near the town of Fayetteville, in this State, containing thirty acres, all cleared and under fence, and nearly all planted with vines. There are four thousand vines already growing. The *Southern Cultivator* states, also, that Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, at "Redcliffe," his residence, has a splendid vineyard, and that in addition to the leading native varieties, "he has undoubtedly the finest and most complete collection (between four and five hundred varieties) of foreign grapes in the South or in the Union." In Georgia and Alabama the vine is extensively cultivated, and in Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, the culture is rapidly increasing. In the South-Western States it is becoming an important business in many sections, while the San Francisco *Herald* states that the present stock of California vines now under cultivation will yield $50,000,000 in wines and brandies in twenty years from the present day.

For the benefit of Southern cultivators, Mr. Redmond states that many of the fine foreign sorts that are necessarily grown under glass at the North, can be successfully grown in the open air at the South, *especially if grafted on hardy native roots.*

As germain to this subject, we find a controversy as to the origin of the Catawba grape, declared by many to be the finest grape cultivated. The contestant States are North Carolina and Maryland. In the August number of the *Southern Cultivator*, a letter from Mr. McDowell to William Murray, of Catoosa Springs, Georgia, accords to that gentleman the credit of finding and introducing into cultivation the famous Catawba grape. We make the following extract from the letter:

"COL. WM. MURRAY—*Dear Sir:* I suppose you are aware that to you is accorded the honor of finding and introducing to cultivation the very best native grape in the United States, viz: the '*Catawba*,' said to have been sent by you to Mayor Adlum of the District of Columbia. I have been called on by some scientific gentlemen to furnish them with the full and true history of that grape, and particularly to state the precise locality in which you found the original vine growing, and also your reason for naming it Catawba.' I have just returned from a visit to the place of your former residence in Buncombe county, N. C., and on strict inquiry in regard to where you found this splendid native grape, I was informed that you found it on your own grounds on the plantation you since sold to Mr. Daniel Blake, on Cain Creek."

We find a reply to this letter in the *American Farmer*, published in Baltimore:

It is not of course with the slightest disposition to deprive Col. Murray of the credit due to him in the premises, that we make the statement of a rival claim on the part of another venerable subscriber, living in Washington.

This gentleman states that the vine which first brought the Catawba into notice, was planted by himself in Georgetown, D. C., and that it was grown from a cutting obtained from a vine in the garden of the inn at Clarksburg, Montgomery county, Md., a village on the turnpike between Washington and Frederick, Md. That he made known the quality of the grape to Major Adlum of Georgetown, who took a carriage and paid a visit to Clarksburg for the purpose of procuring cuttings for propagation. The Major got permission to go into the garden and help himself, which he did so freely, that he had some trouble in quieting the indignation of the landlady by the assurance that her vine would be all the better for the "trimming." Thus, our informant tells us, originated the famous "Catawba" grape.

There is evidently an error in one case or the other; we are entirely satisfied that in neither is there any design to claim an undue credit. We submit with all deference the question, which we do not undertake to decide. Did the Catawba originate with the gentleman who speaks for Montgomery county, Md., or with the gentleman who *speaks* FOR *Buncombe?*

While upon the subject of vineyards, we will make an extract from the address by Dr. Hooper, at the recent University Commencement. The Dr. proposes the culture and use of home-made wines as a remedy for drunkenness. We copy as follows:

I venture with diffidence to make the following suggestions. It seems hopeless to put a stop to the use of all stimulating drinks. All nations have used them, and God constituted wine with corn as a part of his special gifts to his people, in the Holy Land. Thus the inspired writer says: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." Here you find wine mentioned like grass and herb, and oil, and bread as gifts equally expressive of the kindness of Heaven. What God gives as a tonic and stimulant, along with the nutriment of man, cannot, if soberly and prudently used, be hurtful either to body or mind. In conformity with these providential bestowments of the old dispensation, we find the Saviour, in the New Testament, using wine at his meals, though it exposed him to the slander of being a wine-bibber—turning water into wine for the use of the guests, at a marriage banquet, and appointing wine to be used at his own sacred supper. Now I by no means intend it to be understood that because in that day and country the fermented juice of the grape was a native product and a licensed beverage, therefore the adulterous and poisonous mixtures in use among us are lawful and expedient. But what I am now aiming at is this: to inquire whether we could not, by introducing the vine among our agricultural products, make within ourselves a domestic beverage, safe and pleasant, and drive out the pestiferous liquors, foreign and homemade, which are now the bane of our land. Why should not our enlightened and more wealthy farmers who can afford to make the experiment, instead of forever moving round in the same circle of crops, (corn, wheat, cotton tobacco,) venture upon the culture of the grape and an experiment in wine, at first on a small scale? If our country should be found capable of producing light wines harmless as a common drink, it might have a greater effect in promoting temperance than the effort at total abstinence. It is admitted that the people of France are in general temperate, though the use of wine is universal, and that it is a rare thing to see a drunken man in that country. Mr. Hentz, formerly professor of French in the University, who spent his early life in Paris, used to say that he never saw a drunken man till he was seventeen years of age, and that he was at a loss to account for the singularity of his behaviour, ascribing it to a derangement. This superior sobriety of that light, and giddy, and impetuous nation, cannot be attributed to any *moral* cause, and is probably due to the fact that a cheap and innocuous beverage is accessible to every body. I throw out these suggestions with some apprehension lest a bad use may be made of them, but the disease is so desperate it warrants bold experiments.

Charles Dickens' Works.

The publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers is one of the most energetic and enterprising to be found in any country. It was only a few weeks ago they made the novel announcement (no pun intended) that the "Waverly Novels" would be printed by them in twenty-six large octavo volumes, one volume issued each Saturday, at twenty five cents each, or five dollars for the twenty-six volumes. These were re-printed from the original Edinburg edition which contained forty-eight volumes at a cost of seventy two dollars.

This enterprising experiment proving a complete success we are again met with another. *Oliver Twist*, is the first number of a similar series of publications, to contain the entire writings of Charles Dickens, to be completed in twenty-eight large octavo volumes, comprising near five thousand pages, and near two hundred illustrations. Price twenty five cents a volume, or the whole twenty-eight for five dollars, free of postage. This is an undertaking far ahead of the Waverly enterprise, since the series contains two more volumes, near two hundred illustrations, and the volumes are larger. Success to energy and enterprise.

According to advices received in St. Louis, 3,449 emigrant wagons have passed over the Western plains this season, for California and Salt Lake City—eight-tenths of them going to California. Loose cattle estimated at from 120,000 to 140,000; sheep, 6,000.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

We are not ashamed to avow that we believe in 'Woman's Rights:' we mean her *true* rights. Not those which are mere chimeras and 'whim-whams,' but those inalienable, solid rights, the advantage of which every true woman *will* enjoy, in spite of all the hue and cry, to the contrary, notwithstanding. That the sphere of womanly action and usefulness is great and noble, no one will be so foolish to dispute. It is a fixed fact, and, by the way, read what a '*Young Widow*' has got to say upon this subject:

WOMAN &c.

'Well there,' Mr. Gossip, I think I hear the reader saying already, 'well there, I can't see, for the life of me, why a 'young widow' should take to writing.' Just as if I—a young widow of not more than twenty-three—can't find time for anything else but throwing out the snares of coquetry, or setting the 'figure 4 trap' of matrimony to catch some anxious Lothario. Just as if I must be head over heels, all the time, in some courting affair, or in the dumps because some fellow with a model moustach, dwindled down at each end to the roundness and thickness of a darning-needle, has refused to take me to the opera. Just as if a young widow is good for nothing but as a love-machine to which every fool may pay his *devours* (?) Just as if I must do nothing but dress, and flirt, and make fun all the time; tramp up and down the street, displaying my new bonnet and brocade, bedaub my cheeks with cochineal and all such stuff.

Now, I want to know why a woman can't find time to be just as sensible as a man? For my part, I can't see why she isn't just as capable of talking sense as trash, and when it comes to writing I don't know why she should'nt prove herself as sprightly in flirting the pen as in flirting her crinoline. But no, there's not a man from Maine to Cape Horr, who will give her credit for anything but the sins of immodesty and boldness.

Confound the men, I say, who suppose that one of my sex is fonder of being caressed and made much of by their befogging flattery, than of reading a wholesome, high-toned book, or of seeing Charlotte Cushman as *Meg Merrilles*, or of going all the way from New York to Brooklyn, of a pleasant Sunday, to hear that greatest of all pulpit thunderers, Henry Ward Beecher, poke fun at his congregation. It does actually make me laugh to think of it: to think that men will be *such* fools, and all for nothing.

I am sure the women are not to blame for petting the men, and talking to them all about love, hope, melancholy, tears, rain, sunshine, marriage and all that, when the men *will* force themselves upon their society. I am sure they can't be censured if they do shed a few tears (of the crocodile kind) and declare to their lovers that they would rather die than live without them. Nor can they be found fault with if, occasionally, they do slam the door in the face of some hot-headed, crazy-brained ninny, who has got more corns on his feet than wit on his tongue, and more gloss on his torturing boots than lustre in his eye, or expression in his face.

I am *en bonne foi* in what I write, and if you, Mr. Gossip, will only let me write just as it suits my own taste (having a respect, however, all the time, for propriety and the King's English) I will promise your readers to do my very best to entertain, instruct and amuse them, if I am A YOUNG WIDOW.

We give you a prompt permission, and we shall be pleased to hear from you as often as you can make it convenient to write.....'*Polly Plum*' is 'areound' this week. 'Polly' is a good-hearted girl, we believe; and if her nature be as sweet as the flavor of a sugar-*plum*, that man's stars will be surely blessed who wooes and wins her. She sends us the following:

Jest see here, Mr. Gossip, what I writ when I was single [Now, 'Polly,' *are* you married? 'du say.' ED.] I knew'd something about grammar then.

BEAUS.

Good gracious, what a plight I'm in!
Let me relate my woes;
I have, as it is fully known,
A half-a-dozen beaus.

But Johnny Jenkins, he's too young,
And Charlie, he's too old,
And Jimmy Jerdon is too droll
In spite of all his gold.

He wears his collar wrong side out,
And, if you will believe,
He picks his teeth, and wipes his nose,
At dinner, on his sleeve.

And, dear me! what a coat he wears,
And what a shabby hat!
I'd rather never wed at all
Than take a man like that.

And Willie is a poet born,
And writes all kind of trash,
And Harry is not worth a dime,
Although he cuts a dash.

And George he is a simpleton
And so is Mr. Paul,
And so I am obliged to say,
No, sir, to one and all.

Well, its strange how folks will forget grammar. Don't you tell Mr. Plum, but I raly do beleve its because I hev to talk with him so much—why, he don't know B from a button. I married him because I thought he was rich, but taint worth while to grieve now, however. Tom's monstrous likely. Tom is. No more at present from POLLY PLUM.

That's so; there is no 'use'er cryin' fur spilt milk,' 'Polly' and the wisest way to take things is (if we may except all 'that doth intoxicate') to swallow them and not say 'boo'.....'*Alice Junebug*' sends us, this week, an article on

BOOKS.

Dear Gossip.—What a world this would be without books, how desolate everything would seem! If it were not for history we would necessarily be compelled to live continually in a cloud of tradition and utter darkness. If it were not for poetry we would have many heavier hours than we do. Books feed the mind; they are the manna which feed the thoughts till they grow fat and are not ashamed to be weighed in the scales of public criticism. To imagine a time when the world shall suffer a relapse into barbarism and illiterateness, is to picture, in the mind, the blackest of conceptions. Books are the companions of our solitary hours, when we alone seem to inhabit the globe. They tell us true and instructive stories of the past; teach us wisdom and, of course, make us happier. A love for books—good books—is sure to put to death every vice and folly. No fool ever read much. Egotism is his ruling passion, and he looks upon a true philosopher as an old fogy. I find my sweetest enjoyment among my books, and though I were to lose everything in this world—friends, wealth and all—yet I think I could find consolation in my little library. Let us encourage a wider and more general taste for reading and we won't have quite as many fops and fools amongst us. Isn't that good logic, Mr. Gossip? Yours as ever,

ALICE JUNEBUG.

The very best, '*Alice.*' We go in, heart, hands, head, and all, for the advancement of the human race. Our motto is 'Progression,' and we do our very best to live up to it. We don't like to see a man go just so far, and, then, standing with his hands in his pocket, his mouth all a-gape and his shirt-sleeves down, make up his mind to 'settle' and stay in the same position for the rest of his life. 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead,' is good advice; and when you once 'go ahead' don't stop, in your career of advancement, until 'your time comes.'.....'*Jenny Mayflower*' sends us the following:

PEACE.

If, as the wheels of Time roll on,
Our hearts in love increase,
Our weary limbs each night shall lie,
On pillows made of peace:
Refreshing sleep shall sprinkle joy
Upon our mantled eyes,
And angels watch around our beds
Till night's last shadow dies.

As newer life from Heaven descends
In summer's tropic showers;
Revives the famished, fading leaves
And wakes to life the flowers;
So our existence gains new strength,
And joys that never cease,
From that repose our tired limbs find
When stretched on beds of peace.

How soothing is the blessed spell
He feels in slumber's hour,
Whose heart was never turned aside
To shun religion's power.
Calm as the hush of Sabbath morn!
Still as the midnight reign,
In sinless dreams he quaffs the bliss
Of happiness again.

Such perfect slumber knows no fear;
No clouds its beauty mar;
But shines, in love, around the breast,
Bright as hope's faithful star,
Sent down from heaven to bless the soul,
'Tis pure as aught can be,
For God has stamped it with the light
Of His own purity.

Oh, let us strive to hold this prize
Through life's decaying time;—
Its influence will shield our souls
And make our acts sublime;—
So that when in our weary breasts
Our hearts their throbbing cease,
The last, great solemn sleep of death
May be a sleep of Peace.

That is a consummation devoutly to be wished,' therefore, we advise everybody (and his wife) to live up to the 'Golden Rule' as nearly as possible. Let the principles of love, charity and forbearance, constitute some portion of the platform of daily action, and, though you may not lay up treasures here below, still you will, all the time, be making a fortune above, against which nothing shall prevail—*not even the lawyers!!!!!* Be cheerful in everything you do, and never allow anything to 'rile' your temper. If you always endeavor to do so, you will always enjoy that sweet peace of mind which owes its paternity to a good conscience..... Adieu till next week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Hope.

BY BEATRICE.

How oft when grief and cares oppress,
Sweet hope will come our hearts to bless;
And whispering in its silvery tone
Thou in thy grief art not alone.

When friends we love doth coldly seem,
And love's sweet star hath ceased to beam:
When all that's made life happy here
Doth seem to fly from us in fear—

When earth looks dark and cold around,
To us no joy or peace is found;
Tis then that hope, sweet cheering star,
Shines on us brightly from afar!

Ah! who could stem the world's hard strife,
Or bear the toils and cares of life
Did not hope shed its sunny light
And fill our hearts with glad delight.

The mariner when by wind is tossed
Upon the sea and almost lossed,
If hope but lives within his breast
It quells his fears and gives him rest.

Yes, life to us would be most dark
Without one cheering glimmering spark,
If hope to us had ne'er been given
To show the way to God and heaven.

MEDICAL ESSAY.—Dr. O.F. Manson, of Granville, at the last annual meeting of the N. C. Medical Society, offered a Gold Medal as a prize for the best Essay upon any medical subject. Competitors are required to be members of the Society, and the compositions must be forwarded to Drs. Summerell, Whitehead and Ramsay at Salisbury, by the 15th of March next.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Summer Eves.

BY MATILDA.

How beautiful, and yet how sad, these evenings are to me
As I linger through the lonely hours, beneath this spreading tree;
And listen to the wind-harp's voice, and to the river's chime
As it wanders through its willowy banks like a low melodious rhyme;
While memory gently bears me back to other summer eves
When moon beams on the waters slept and dew was on the leaves,
And friends *far* more beloved than life were sitting close to me
Repeating words I'll hear no more beneath this spreading tree.

Ah! twice-two summer-times have bloomed, and passed away since then,
And life has lost its sweetest joys, I scarce know how nor when;
But still within my heart I keep the memory of those hours,
More precious to my soul by far—than the breath of brightest flowers;
And ever when the spring-time fades and summer blossoms bloom,
Fond memory takes her holy lamp and searches through the tomb,
For all the beautiful and good who fell like autumn leaves;
And left me lingering here alone through all these summer eves.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Jack Collins;
OR,
THE CODE OF HONOR.

BY QUIEN SABE?

A YEAR ago I received an invitation to attend a wedding in the County of —— in the State of Virginia. I was an entire stranger to both the principal parties concerned, but the bride had a brother who was one of my most intimate city friends a few years ago, but who had returned to his native home, after the death of his father, to manage a large and complicated estate.

Accompanying the invitation cards, was a note from my friend urging me to come and promising me a gay time;—a perfect round of parties, both dinner and evening, were arranged for fully a month after the wedding.

My business was pressing at the time, and the season was inclement, and I would have declined the invitation, but for the evident great wish of Jack to have me present. As it was, I made my arrangements for a few days of absence, and half-a-day's ride upon the rail road brought me to Blankstown, where Jack Collins—my friend—met me with his buggy.

Jack had become a very handsome man since we were in the city together. He was tall and commanding in figure, and seemed to be about twenty-five years of age, although he was in reality some four years younger. His hair, moustache, and whiskers were intensely black, and the look from his eagle eyes, was one of proud, exacting, conscious superiority. My reader may say this expression was not an amiable one; it was not, but to his friends no man could have been more perfectly charming in his manners, than my friend Jack Collins.

He welcomed me at the depot, and handing me a cigar, and one himself, he tightened his rein, gave his whip a slight crack, and our horses leaped off for Glenwood.

This much of introductory matter has been necessary to bring me to my story. It is not of the wedding I would speak; that passed off gaily, and to the perfect satisfaction of everybody. It was at one of the subsequent gatherings that the unfortunate events which I propose to relate, occurred.

There was to be a grand anniversary Jackson ball at the C—— Hotel, on the night of the 8th of January, and everybody in the town and surrounding country was invited. The bride and groom did not attend this ball, but Jack, and his uncle, Colonel Collins, together with myself went from Glenwood, and met,—at the door of the hotel almost,—a neighboring carriage, containing several young ladies, who were cousins of the Glenwood family. It was a pleasant surprise to our party because we had heard the Stanopes were not going. Two of these young ladies were very pretty, and one of the pair might have been called a beauty. They were attended by a single escort, Ned Stanope their brother, who was a youth of sixteen.

Jack immediately attached himself to Miss Belle Stanope, the fairest of his cousins, to whom it was known throughout the country,—he was paying very assiduous court, and it had even been reported that they were already engaged.

The dancing soon commenced, and with such a throng of gay young folks, to sustain it, promised to continue far into the small hours.

It was a great misfortune that the Hotel bar was kept open that night, and it is hardly necessary to say that the bar-room was thronged with young men; throughout the evening, a constant stream poured in and after pausing a few minutes to drink, passed on and out again. There were many too, who made this their lounging place, drinking with whoever would ask them, and asking nobody themselves; these were the uninvited loafers of the town. No liquors were handed in the ball-rooms before supper, and supper was unusually late, and so, many resorted to the bar who would not otherwise have done so. Amongst these came Jack, the Colonel, and myself.

We were all standing at the bar waiting for our brandy and water, and chatting meanwhile with a fourth friend who had joined us. Jack was leaning his elbow upon the bar while he held in the other hand his white glove which he had withdrawn upon entering the room. Our glasses were ready and we were about to drink, when Jack suddenly wheeled round towards the crowd collected around the stove, and with a look of horrible anger advanced rapidly towards a young man seated in an arm chair, who though half intoxicated, seemed to be the principal speaker in the crowd. There had been a constant buzz of voices ever since we entered, but none of us had heard what was said, until Jack gave evidence of something unusual.

We immediately crowded up to the group, and in a moment, all was confusion. Above all else, I heard Jack's voice:—

"What person called the name of Miss Belle Stanope!"

"It was me, sir!" said the young man I have mentioned, and he rose from his chair. It is unnecessary to describe here, the person of this young man. His name was Hamilton Carter, and although the son of a gentleman of the neighborhood, and ranking as a gentleman, his associates were beneath notice. He had been degraded and ruined by the influence of cards and liquor.

"It was *me* sir!" he said rising, and placing a loud accent upon the pronoun.

"Did I understand you, sir, to speak disrespectfully of Miss Stanope; in fact did I hear you mention her name, sir, in connection with my own?" said Jack rapidly, growing pale, while his eyes became balls of fire.

Carter's face reddened as his brute anger was aroused. Jack's manner was infinitely worse than his words. "I said she looked like she was going to sleep, with her head on your shoulder, when you were dancing that last schottische, and"—

"That's enough, sir, though you said more, d——n you!" roared Jack, and almost bursting with rage, he hurled the contents of his tumbler into Carter's face. For a moment only he was blinded, then rushing forward he struck at Jack with his fist, but both parties were seized simultaneously, and Carter could only curse.

"Let me go!" he yelled—"let me mash the d——d dog into the ground!—I'll kill him!"—and he struggled and bellow'd until his face became purple. In a little time he was removed from the room by his friends; Jack remained, and after Carter was gone, he was released. Carter was evidently drunk, and his friends proceeded at once to secure him for the night.

In the mean time Jack promenaded the bar-room, one hand behind him carrying his glove, and cooled himself off, occasionally giving vent to a curse. Fifteen minutes had elapsed, when a party of young men entered from the street, talking of the affair, which had already spread over half the town. They seemed to be friends of Carter's and their conversation assumed a subdued tone, when they observed Jack. In passing the stove, however, he fancied he heard the words,—

"He's a d——d handsome man; it's a pity he's such a d——d fool!"

He turned upon his heel, with surprising coolness, and motioning me back with his arm,—as I advanced, said, "Gentlemen, I fancied I heard my name, mingled with curses!" No one in the group spoke, but a dead silence ensued. Advancing to the middle of the room, he drew himself up and said with a sneer upon his face;—

"Let the man who applied to me the epithet, "*d——d fool,*" take up my glove"—and as he spoke, the kid dropped from his extended hand. The glove remained upon the floor a full minute, and neither word nor motion came from the group around the stove.

"Gallant friends, Mr. Carter has!" sneered Jack, stooping to regain his glove. It was a word too much;—the most thick-skinned may be pushed too far. As Jack rose, he was confronted by a stout young man, who, shaking his doubled fist in his face, said with emphasis:—

"D—n you Jack Collins, shut up!"

Jack gazed a moment in wonder, and then lifted his hand and slapped his glove across his antagonist's face. A moment after he handed him his card with a duplicate, saying—

"Oblige me, sir, by conveying one of them to your friend."

I thought it time to interfere now, and taking Jack by the shoulder I drew him away, and out of the room. I considered it time to go home, and leaving him in the drawing room, I went in search of the Colonel. Half an hour afterwards I saw Jack dancing the Virginia reel with Miss Belle Stanope, and laughing and talking as gaily as if nothing had happened.—He would have been the last man in the room suspected of having two deadly quarrels upon his hands. He accompanied his cousins home that night, and returned, two miles, upon horse back, to the Hotel where we awaited him, and where all three of us decided to remain until the morning. Jack requested me to act as his friend in the quarrels, and to attend him but I was obliged to decline acting as his second, upon conscientious scruples. He was disappointed he said, but in a little while, he fixed upon a friend in the house, a young gentleman I scarcely know. He was introduced to me as Mr. Laurence Hunter, and his gallant friendship for Jack, made me his friend. The Colonel was an active, but angry participant in all consultations about the matter. He was impatient for an opportunity to see Jack shoot both of the "d—d rascals." He had never recovered his coolness, and was the more angry because he was absent at the second difficulty.

It was nearly daylight when we retired, and our sleep was unbroken until nearly mid-day, when I awoke and saw the sun streaming straight in the southern windows of the room The Colonel and Jack still slept profoundly. We were all ready for dinner, however, and appeared at the Hotel table. Immediately after dinner a young man approached Jack upon the piazza, and touching him on the shoulder, they walked away together. Jack returned in a few minutes and handed me a couple of notes, saying—

"That maudlin dog has gotten sober at last!"

I read them and handed them back to him; they ran respectively, as follows:—

BLANKTOWN, Jan. 9, 185—

John Collins, Esq.—*Sir,*—You took advantage of my condition last night, to insult me grossly and brutally. I take the earliest possible moment, to demand the most humble apology from you publicly, or else the ordinary satisfaction of a gentleman. My friend, Mr. Carlton, will receive any communication from you, to myself, and if necessary, make any preliminary arrangements.

Yours &c.,
HAMILTON CARTER.

And the other:—

BLANKTOWN, Jan. 9, 185—

Mr. John Collins.—*Sir,*—I require immediate satisfaction for the insolence you offered me last night. I require blood, sir, and will receive no apology. Mr. Thompson is authorized to make every arrangement in my behalf. He will hand you this note. Yours &c.,
THOM. CARDWELL.

Jack placed these notes in the hands of Laurence Hunter with instructions to accept them in order. The time of the first meeting was fixed for half past seven the next morning, and the second for an hour later, upon the same spot, a beautiful piece of glade land, in a fine oak forest, hardly two miles distant from town. In both duels Jack chose the pistol at ten paces.

He was a dead shot with this weapon, but Carter was fully his equal, and the chances were pretty evenly balanced unless the latter had injured his nerve by continuing his debauch. Cardwell was not known as a fine shot, but he was celebrated for his perfect coolness, and even and unruffled disposition. Altogether, I feared from the beginning that poor Jack's chance was bad. If he escaped the ball of Carter, it was only to encounter that of Cardwell. As may well be supposed, I used every exertion to bring about an honorable adjustment of these affairs. I called upon both Carlton and Thompson, perfect strangers to me,—hoping some means of adjustment might be devised, but it was a vain hope. I then debated in my own mind the propriety of calling for interference by the officers of the law, but at once dismissed this idea as wholly incompatible with my honor as a man.

The Colonel sent a message out to Glenwood, saying they must not expect us home that night, and that business detained the party in town: we would be home in the morning.

After securing a carriage for our party in the morning, we four withdrew to our room in the Hotel, and ordered supper to be brought up to us. Hunter would not allow a drop of liquor of any kind. The evening was spent in examining the arms, and putting them in the most complete order; the quality of powder was tested, and balls were rigidly examined to find if any departure from the perfect spherical form existed. All our arrangements being over, we retired at eleven o'clock, well knowing the advantage of a good long sleep to Jack.

Our servant entered at 6 o'clock, followed by Doctor Kephart—Jack's Surgeon—and after a leisurely toilet and cup of coffee, we all set off unobserved from the private entrance of the house; our carriage accommodated all four of us with comfort; the Doctor followed in his chase. It was not sunrise, when we reached the field, and we were glad to find we were the first upon the ground.

We had scarcely concealed our carriage though, when the equipage of Hamilton Carter drove into the open glade, and immediately four gentlemen leaped out. They advanced at once to the knole where we stood, and Carter seemed disappointed at being preceded by his antagonist.—Salutations were exchanged with the most studied courtesy, and the seconds set about their duty. Carter's carriage had withdrawn into the shades of the forest, and all was still save the murmured tones of the two as they perfected their arrangements, promenading back and forth, the while. Jack leaned with his back against an immense oak, with his arms folded while I conversed with him. The rest were scattered in groups about the field.

"I have made the strongest effort, Jack, to settle this affair amicably—but my words were useless; you will kill Carter if you can?"—I said.

"No, my friend, I will not; I shall attempt to shatter his pistol arm," he answered quietly, "I *cannot kill* Hamilton Carter."

I thought he spoke strangely; for *him*, but thought it best to say nothing. In a moment he turned to me;—"If I am killed, *you* must inform my mother, my sister, and my-my Belle," (here a tear rolled rapidly over his cheek and dropped, leaving no trace of its passage) "that I died a gentleman; a true son of Gilmor Collins."

I had only time to promise him, when Laurance summoned him to the ground.

"A stiff upper lip, Jack, and pink him just three inches beneath the elbow!" growled the Colonel as Jack passed him.

I think I never saw a finer figure than his, when he had taken his position; he wore a dress coat, tight fitting, and buttoned to the chin with plain gilt buttons. His long black hair hung down behind his ears, and seemed in fine contrast with his pale features.

Carter was unmoved; his face was of the ordinary redness, and as he looked at Jack, a scarcely perceptible wrinkle stole across his forehead, and his brow lowered a little.

Hunter had won the word:—

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" he said in a clear full tone:—

"Ready!" answered each, bending his whole attention to his antagonist:—

"Then I give the word: *Fire;*—one!—two!—three!—"

At the word "*two,*" both pistols were discharged, both reports merging into one, and as the echo came back from the edge of the forest, and the light blue smoke rose, I saw Jack standing untouched.—Carter's right arm hung powerless and bleeding at his side, and his weapon lay smoking upon the turf, with a dozen bloody spots upon the bright steel band. Sustained by uncommon nerve, he scarcely changed his position!

Meanwhile Jack stood at his post, with folded arms awaiting events. The uppermost gilt button upon his breast had been carried away, tearing out the cloth as it went.

I stepped forward now to propose an honorable reconciliation; I was surprised at Carters word's:—

"Nothing of the kind, sir, if you please," he said, merely glancing towards me, "I have still an arm for this service sir!"

My face flushed with momentary anger—for I felt the heat upon my temples and I withdrew merely remarking

"Then sir, you will be killed!"

The seconds prepared for another exchange of shots, while Carter's Surgeon bound up his arm. When he received his pistol, he seemed to handle it with some awkwardness, as if he could scarcely use his left hand.

"If you are a brave man, sir," he said addressing Jack directly, "you shift your weapon!"

Thus taunted, Jack with a curl of the lip, quickly changed his pistol from his right to his left hand, at the same time making the corresponding change in his position.

"It makes but a small difference!" he muttered as Laurence prepared to give the word.

The word was given, and the shots delivered as before. This time poor Jack fired in the air; he was resolved, it appears, not to kill Carter.

By a strange fatality though, the ball of the latter sped but too surely, reaching the very heart of my poor friend; he fell and died with scarcely a struggle.

Immediately after Jack fell, Carter's strength seemed to give way, and he staggered to one side, and sank into the arms of his Surgeon; he was hurried into his carriage, and his party with him, left the field: they did not return to Blanktown, but the driver directed his horses' heads towards a neighboring village six or seven miles off.

I shall never succeed in eradicating from my memory, the scene around poor Jack's prostrate body. A brief examination showed the nature of the wound, and Doctor Kephart shook his head sorrowfully as he rebuttoned the coat. The Colonel's eyes were mingled fire and water; they burned with a fiery lustre as he wept, for he did weep like a child. He sobbed aloud as he cursed himself; he seemed to have lost his reason.

"Poor Jack!—what a cursed sinner I am!—That a grey-headed man like me should have suffered such a murder!—Oh! my God!"—and the poor gentleman buried his face in the palms of his hands.

Hunter leaned against a tree, with his head bent forward. I scarcely know what I did myself, but I think I muttered something like a curse upon the system of dueling. The Doctor first proposed action, and we aroused ourselves to the exigencies of our situation. The other party had been gone a quarter of an hour.

We had placed the body of my poor friend in the carriage, meaning to drive to a neighboring farm house, when another party appeared upon the ground. This was Mr. Thom. Cardwell and his friends. Dr. Kephart informed his second in a few moments conversation, of the result of the first meeting, and Laurence stepped forward promptly:—

"My friend is dead—an honorable gentleman,"—he said, "and if Mr. Cardwell desires a meeting, I am ready to do my duty."

There was but a short pause, before Thompson answered in behalf of Cardwell:—

"Mr. Cardwell has no quarrel with you, Mr. Hunter, and so far from availing himself of your offer, I doubt not he will express to you himself, his good will."

"Assuredly, Mr. Hunter," answered Cardwell, "I desire nothing so little, sir, as to oppose you upon the field this morning; my challenge, sir, is withdrawn."

After a few moments of strained courtesy, bows, &c., the parties separated, and we held our melancholy way towards the farmer's house, where we arrived some time after breakfast.

I shall forego the task of carrying out my story in detail; it makes the heart too sad; I will content myself with a brief narrative of events following the fatal morning of the 10th of January, 185—.

It was with a heavy heart that I fulfilled poor Jack's last injunction: as well as I could, I broke the sad intelligence to his aged mother, and to his sisters; ah! how sad was Glenwood that day! How utterly desolate! I left the mansion an hour after I entered it, feeling as if my very life was a drag; the day seemed dark, and the bright sunshine a bitter mockery! I was glad to go, although I went but to create new desolation and misery, in another home. I left the Colonel locked in his room at Glenwood, where he remained swallowing fiery liquors for a week.

Reaching Stanope Grove, I requested the attendance of Miss Belle in the drawing room; when she came, I tried to open my mouth, but my lips stuck together; I hardly know how it all happened, but I told her, and she swooned, and a blindness came over me; they gave both of us brandy, and Miss Belle was carried to her chamber:—they asked me to stay, but I got away, and my buggy started, I scarcely know how, and for an hour I rode on, before I was conscious of what was going on. When I became aware of what I was doing, I was far away from Blanktown, and it was night before I reached Glenwood again. That night a fever tossed me about in my bed, but I got up in the morning as usual.

That day I payed the last sad office of respect to the memory of my friend, a gallent gentleman swept away in the very bloom of youth and promise, by the ruthless working of a diabolical "*code of honor.*" The day following I sought the city, and tried, oh! how vainly!—to forget my misery in the toil of an exacting profession.

My friend, do you think I have done? Oh, no! There are more victims yet.—Nearly half a year ago that noble lady, Mrs. Gilmor Collins, died, after six months of suffering;—some said of a broken heart! Where is our Colonel? Ah! where! He wanders through the land, as he may with his ample means, but alas, he is a victim of that terrible scourge *drink!* His days are surely numbered! and he draws near to a wretched end.

Poor Belle Stanope, has become a confirmed invalid, and now seeks relief amid the fragrant groves of Cuba. May she at least be spared!"

"Hamilton Carter's fate was the most horrible of all. He suffered amputation; amputation was succeeded by mortification; and death ensued in a brief period of time, to make the fate of the chief actor even more horrible,—brandy fell in his way, and he seized upon it and drank to a terrible excess. He died like a real demon, cursing God and man, and heaven and earth.

So ends my plain unornamented, unvarnished narrative of facts. And this is an "Affair of Honor." Oh my friend!—let us not suffer this monster of barbarism to continue in our land! Let us not permit it to trail its horrid length across our hearths, leaving desolation and ruin in its track. Let us not permit our noblest Sons, of gallant sires to be sacrificed to this unholy practice:—But let the hatred, scorn, and contempt of all noble men and women, follow, and dog the steps of the duellist. Let the ghost of his victim haunt him day and night, and may the curse of Cain be upon him and before him at every turn, until the multiplied misery, horror, and terror, which are his lot, shall cause the world to shudder, and turn away at the mention of the "CODE OF HONOR!"

EXAMPLE.—The Romans had a law, that every one should, wherever he went, wear a badge of his trade in his hat, or outward vestment, that he might be known. Thus the Christian is never to lay aside the badge of his holy profession, but to let his light shine and adorn the doctrines of God his Saviour *in all things.*

True courage is to dare to do right.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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REMARKABLE PRINTING PRESS.—The New York Sun has now in process of construction, at a cost of forty thousand dollars, a press that possesses this advantage—namely, it will feed itself and print both sides of the paper at the same time, and with the same rapidity that one side is printed on the mammoth Hoe presses now in use by the Times, Herald, and Tribune.

Death of Rev. Wm. I. Langdon.

Rev. Wm. I. Langdon, of the N. C. Conference, died at Shelby, Cleaveland co., N. C. on the 24th ult. Mr. Longdon was better known in Wilmington, perhaps, than in any other Community, and we give the following notice from the *Herald:*

"Mr. Langdon was a faithful, zealous and able minister of the gospel, and as a philanthropist, he had few equals. To his zeal and energy, we are partly indebted for the establishment here, of the Seaman's Home and Bethel,—as a Missionary to this port to the seamen, some years ago, he labored with herculean effort to better the condition—both spiritually and bodily—of poor Jack, and in some measure his labors have been crowned with success; for we now have the Home in the full tide of successful operation, where their bodily wants can be supplied, and next door, a plain and modest brick building towers aloft, where Jack can go and hear of a dying Savior's love.

"Mr. Langdon also exerted himself very much in behalf of the Hospital for sick and disabled seamen; and we have no doubt that by his, together with the personal and continued labor of other patriotic and philanthropic citizens, Congress was induced much earlier than it would otherwise have done, to erect that fine brick edifice, which now adorns the south eastern part of our town.

"For the past few years, however, Mr. Langdon has devoted his time, energy and talents, to the building up of Schools for the education of young ladies; and through his efforts, a large number of young ladies of limited means, have been taken and educated and fitted for the position of teachers.

"We believe that Mr. Langdon has done more for the education of the poor, according to his means, and for the religious instruction of the seamen, than any other man in North Carolina. He has gone, however, in the very midst of his usefulness, to reap his reward."

LECTURE BY DR. CARUTHERS.—On Friday night, the 16th of September, the Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, DD., will lecture before the "Greene Monument Association" in the M. E. Church. Lecture to commence at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

By order of the Board,
WM. L. SCOTT, *Sec'y.*

NOTICE.

A meeting of those favorable to the formation of a "Young Men's Christian Association" in Greensboro, will be held, at the Young Men's Hall, Saturday evening 10th inst., at 7½ o'clock. The attendance of all the subscribers is earnestly desired.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION:—We see it stated in the press that the Germans are frightened by the dispatch from Mr. Cass claiming the surrender of Christian Ernst and the other American citizens who have been seized for military service in Germany. It is said that they are prepared to abandon the point without further parley.

At the Shops of the N. C. Railroad Company, a Locomotive has been built and put on the road. We learn it is home-made entirely.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING IN FORSYTHE.

The *Western Sentinel* gives, in its issue of the 2nd inst., the proceedings of an educational meeting held in Winston, on Saturday, 27th August.—There was a large attendance of teachers and friends of education, and the meeting resulted in a permanently organized association, affiliated with the State Educational Association. We notice that Rev. C. H. Wiley, General Superintendent of Common Schools, was present.

The following were among the resolutions passed:

Resolved, That we as teachers request the Examining Committee to be cautious and thorough in their examinations of applicants to teach, and that we will heartily co-operate with and sustain them in the faithful discharge of this duty.

Resolved, That hereafter, twenty days shall be considered a month for teaching, and that we as teachers make our contracts with committee-men accordingly.

Resolved That teachers have the right to classify their pupils in the best manner for the convenience of the School, and to insist upon uniformity in School Books.

Resolved, That, in order to abolish the complaint on the part of parents of a change in school books, we will use our efforts to introduce no other books than those recommended by Rev. C. H. Wiley, Gen. Sup. of Com. Schools in the State.

Resolved, That we will disclaim any teacher who shall underbid another in order to get a School, and such will be considered by this association as not occupying an honorable position.

Resolved, That we will recognize no one as a teacher in good standing, who does not establish system and keep good order in his school.

Resolved, That the following hours be established for opening and closing school each day, to wit: opening school in the morning at 8 o'clock and close the exercises of the forenoon at 11½ o'clock; resuming exercises in the evening at 1 o'clock and closing at 4 o'clock.

Resolved, That it is the duty of teachers to open and close their Schools in some formal manner, such as reading and explaining a portion of Scripture &c., and at the close of each session to give a public examination.

Resolved, That we regard the Journal of Education, published by the General Educational Association of the State, at the unprecedented low price of one dollar per annum, as being one of the greatest auxiliaries to the cause of Education, and in the profession of teaching, now offered to the public, and that we will subscribe for it and recommend it to the teachers and all who feel an interest in the advancement of Common Schools in North Carolina.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Friday morning last, about half-past 10 o'clock, one of the most brilliant phenomenon ever witnessed in a Southern latitude, made its appearance in the sky, in a Northern circle spanning from East to West the blue arcade of heaven. The description of the Charlotte *Bulletin* so well suits our latitude, we transfer it:

The phosphorescent light first discovered soon changed into a brilliant red shedding upon the earth a reflected light similar to the appearance of early morn

Several persons throughout the city, believing that day had dawned, prepared themselves to enter upon the duties of the day. The cattle commenced to graze, and the forest songsters began to warble their early notes.

Gentlemen engaged in this office ascended to the top of the building in order to enjoy the view such a prominent position would afford them. They describe the scene as grand—the light running up in streaks from the edge of the horizon to the zenith, presenting a rich and unusually brilliant halo, such as is seldom witnessed by mortal eye. The light was sufficiently brilliant to enable the party to read distinctly the face of a Bank bill.

The Alexandria *Sentinel*, of Wednesday morning, gives the annexed description of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Light, as seen in that city the night previous:

It was first observed quite early in the evening, presenting the appearance of a phosphorescent globe over the whole northern section of the heavens, and reaching from the eastern to the western horizon. In the course of the next three hours it passed through a diversity of changes, ending in a splendid display of rich roseate light in the east and west, with coruscations of a paler tint shooting up from time to time in the North. The brightness of the phenomenon, during the whole evening, was such as to render our street lights comparatively useless.

COTTON.—We understand, says the Washington *Dispatch*, about 12,000 bales of cotton were shipped from this port the past year. Should the present crop not be materially injured by the excessive rains which have recently fallen, it will double the last year's crop, we judge. Beaufort, Pitt, and Edgecombe, if they continue to increase their cotton crop as they have done for a few years, will be able to ship 76 to 100,000 bales of cotton in five years from this date. We hope they will try.

The Slave Trade.

The Administration is making a more diligent and enlarged effort to suppress the African slave trade. The joint treaty with England requires that the United States shall keep on the African coast a force of eighty guns; but by the recent arrangements on the part of the Administration, the number of our guns will be one hundred and sixteen. The squadron, as arranged by the Secretary of the Navy, will consist of the following named vessels: the steamers *Mystic, Sumpter, San Jacinto* and *Mohican*, and the sloops of-war *Constellation*, (the flag ship,) *Portsmouth, Marion* and *Vincennes*. The most efficient officers are assigned to their command. Those of the steamers *Mystic* and *Sumpter* are, respectively, Lieutenants W. E. Le Roy and G. F. Armstrong. These gentlemen were at their own request ordered to this service. Their vessels being of light draught can penetrate waters too shallow for those which have heretofore been on that coast, besides having the advantage of steam. Hence slavers will be more closely pursued.

On our own coast, too, there is to be an efficient naval power, composed of the steamers *Crusader*, Lieut. Maffit; the *Mohawk*, Lieut. Craven; the *Wyandotte*, Lieut. Stanley; and the *Fulton*, Commander G. G. Williamson. They are to cruise in the neighborhood of Cuba for the purpose of capturing any slavers which may by their expertness escape the vigilance of our naval police on the African coast. The Secretary of the Navy is now hurrying the preparations for these arrangements, and they will soon go into full operation.

PRIVATE CORNER.

GEO. W. SMALL—Your letter received and we will write you soon.....E. G. C.—Glad to hear from you.....MAUD IRVING—Will answer your letter in a few days.....R. T. M.—We reciprocate your feelings and would be pleased to see your MSS .....MUSA—Your sketch is beautiful.....OSCAR—"Change" received.....LELA—We are glad to form your acquaintance.—Hope you may write often.

THE WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.—The Salisbury *Watchman*, giving an account of the annual meeting of this Company, says:

The survey of the second division, or section, of the road has been completed; and by the amendment to the charter passed by the last Legislature, (and accepted by this meeting of the Stockholders,) this division may be extended to the Western portal of the Swannanoa tunnel. The track-laying is temporarily suspended at the Catawba river, awaiting the completion of the bridge. The cross-ties are laid to Hale's store. The road, it is believed, will be completed to Newton by the 10th of November, to Hale's during the present year, and to Morganton by the 1st January, 1861. The nett earnings of the road for the time it has been in operation, amount to $6,285 07—subject to some reduction by the settlement of accounts not yet presented. The litigation touching the Burke county subscription, terminated favorably for the Company. The rolling stock of the road consists of four locomotives, and forty-two cars of all classes.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—The Salt Lake City (Utah) *Valley Tan*, of August 3d, has the following:

There is a report that an emigrant party has been attacked somewhere near the Goose Creek mountains, on the California road, by Indians, and some four or five men and two women killed. Full particulars have not been received, nor does it seem to be known what tribe of Indians were the actors, or whether or no any provocation was given by the whites for the attack. Some Indians had brought mules, oxen and other articles, unusual for Indians to have, to Bro. Elder, to trade to the towns people, which led to inquiries, and information was obtained tending to establish the fact of the massacre. A daguerreotype case containing four likenesses was obtained from an Indian and sent down here with the express. It is said to be that of a family named Smith, who passed through here some time since.

DR. HAWKS.—We regret to state that Dr. Hawks has declined the Professorship of History, recently tendered him by the Trustees of the University of North Carolina.—*Ral. Standard.*

DIED,

In Greensboro, on 14th, August last, J. MARCELLUS COLTRANE, aged 15 moths and 7 days—son of A. W. and C. Coltrane.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 7.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	80.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

WE WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION of our readers to the advertisement of Clark's Publishing House and Philadelphia Gift Book Establishment, found in another column of to-day's paper. The references given by this concern are of the highest order, and warrant the belief that business is done by this house on the principle of integrity and honor. See the advertisement, and send for a catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address.

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For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above.

Brooklyn, New York. (Se 3—3mp)

High Point Female Normal School.

A CARD.—I take this occasion to announce that the exercises of this Institution will not be interrupted by the death of my brother-in-law, Rev. Wm. I. Langdon. On the contrary, arrangements have been made to place the School on a permanent foundation. These arrangements will be made known in due time. S. LANDER.

August 31, 1859. 3w

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TESTIMONIALS.

As an evidence of the truth of what has been asserted, I append the names of a few gentlemen of high standing, whose veracity cannot be questioned, who have purchased or ordered books from me, and received Gold Watches, namely: WM. ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Middletown, Pa.; JOHN D. SKILES, Wholesale Grocer, Lancester, Pa.; Hon. G. G. WALKER Representative from Sommerset Co., in the Pennsylvania Legislature; Walter G. EVANS, Notary Public, Lancaster city, Pa.; JACOB MARTIN, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.; HIRAM FISK, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio: Mr. GEO. LENHART, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mr. J. L. FEARS Bear Creek, Henry Co., Georgia; Mr. THOS. SMEAD, Bedford, Pa., and JULIA CROSBY, 927, Lawrence Street, Philadelphia, who received a splendid Silk Dress Pattern, worth $15. D. W. CLARK.

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DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Boston, December 6.

Dr. Geo. B. Green,—Dear Sir: In reply to your question in regard to the action of the *Oxygenated Bitters*, I feel much pleasure in stating that from its prompt and decisive effect in alleviating and overcoming a severe and chronic case of Indigestion and Dyspepsia in my own family, and from a knowledge of its wonderful results in curing several attacks quite as severe in other families of my acquaintance, I consider it a sovereign and infallible remedy in that distressing complaint, and would cordially and earnestly recommend it to all who may be thus afflicted.

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Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Sep. 8th
Reported expressly for the Times
By Cole & Amis.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 a15, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@30, Sperm 40@45; Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@00; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 15, crushed 15, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Sep. 1st.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Fam'y	$6.75a0.00	*Flaxseed*,...	1.40
Extra.....	5.75a6.50	*Beeswax*,.....	33
Superfine..	5.75	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of	
Corn, Mixed a W.	75.a79	28lbs...	1.37
Yellow.....	78	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩	
Wheat, White	1 00a1.30	bu.....4.00a4.50	
Red.....	100a112	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8½
Cotton,.....	11½a12½	do. Sides	10½a11
Peas, Black Eye	1.25	N. C. & Va. Hog	
Red & Black	70a75	round,	10a11
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	18	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	31a32
do do 2...	12½	W.O. pipe.	50
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do hhd	40
do No 2.	11.00	do bbl.	28
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.

FLOUR.—receipts from North Carolina are light, via Rivers & Canal they are more liberal, sales are limited, mostly for consumption; our quotations are sales made for cash.

CORN.—arrivals to a fair supply, sales made to the extent of receipts.

WHEAT.—arrives quite freely, sales at quotations.

PEAS.—Old are out of the market, new not got in, will probably yield well.

FLAXSEED.—are received in small lots and sell readily.

DRIED FRUIT.—Apples meet with sale, no New Peaches received yet, no inquiry for old.

RICHMOND MARKET.—Sep. 5th 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,.....	10a10½	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams, ...	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	11a12½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,.....	17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	45
Molasses,, Cuba,	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3½a5½
Syrup,.....	30a33	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O., ...	40a45	*Wheat*, White,	175a185
Red, ...	150a160	Leaf,.....	7a9
		Good and fine,..	9a15

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR.
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105–tf.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, **80 Nassau St. New York.**
☞ Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1–1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI
Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.
Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53–1y.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,
R. S. TUCKER, } Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, } do
W. C. HARRESON, } do
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.
All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15:51

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6–1y

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro.
Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of
Aug. 20—tf GEORGE M. ADAMS.

FROM EUROPE.

The Peace Conference is still in session at Zurich, but nothing definite is transpired. It is asserted that the delay is partly attributable to Austria's stickling in matters of etiquette, especially as regards the cession of Lombardy. The Austrian plenipotentiaries are represented to have declined direct conference with the representatives of Sardinia, who protest against Lombardy being charged with any portion of the Austrian debt.

The latest telegram, dated Zurich, August 19th, says that on the day previous there was a conference between the plenipotentiaries of France and Austria, and on the 19th one between France and Sardinia. It further states that in the next sitting of the conference it was supposed the question of the boundary of Lombardy and her participation in the Austrian debt would be settled.

ENGLAND.

Parliament was prorogued on the 13th August. The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's Speech. She regrets that the interruptions during the session have prevented many important measures from being carried, and hopes for their early consideration at the next session. The war in Italy having been concluded, England had been invited to take part in the Conference of the great powers, should one be held; but sufficient information on this subject to admit of a definite reply had not been received. She would rejoice at being able to contribute to arrangements to serve a lasting peace. She hopes that the direct communication with Pekin will prove beneficial. She hopes for a continuance of the existing amicable relations with all Powers, and rejoices at the complete suppression of the Indian rebellion. She promises her serious attention to the internal improvement of India. She gladly assented to the bills providing for the naval and military reserves, and regarded permanent national defenses as of paramount importance.

THE MAMMOTH STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN.—At what port of the United States will the great mammoth steamship Great Eastern arrive, is a question exciting no little interest. It seems, however, to be conceded that it will be either Portland or New York. Our latest English files by the Africa contain the following item in reference to the subject:

The directors of the Great Ship Company had *declined* Mr. Lever's offer to charter the Great Eastern for one voyage to America. It is announced that she will make a trial trip on the 8th to a distance probably of 500 or 600 miles. Many applications for berths for the trip to the United States had already been received. Portland is still declared to be her destination.

A letter, however, by the agent of the Galway steamship line, says she will take her place in the Galway line, and leave Galway, on the 15th inst., for New York, and expects to make the trip in six days. The New York Herald also makes a similar announcement, adding that she will touch at St. John's to land passengers and a mail, and reach New York about the 14th inst. It further says:

"It is probable that the Great Eastern will be dispatched with a light cargo, and only coal enough for the return voyage, so as to enable her to enter our harbor by the Narrows, which she can easily do, and by lying off until high water, she can come up to her anchorage off the battery. As to the number of passengers she may bring, it is impossible now to speak, though it is not unlikely that our London correspondent's estimates of two or three thousand may be about the mark."

SPAIN.

Another sub-marine Telegraph is upon the tapis. A decree, under the sign-manual of her Spanish Majesty, was issued July 28, conceding to Mr. Horatio Q. Perry, late Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, the right to connect Spain and Cuba with a line of telegraph. The first article requires the cable to be laid from Cadiz, *via* the Canaries, the Cape de Verde Islands, Cape San Roque, the Coast of Brazil, Guyena, and Trinidad, to Porto Rico. Article second provides for a second cable, should the business require it. Article third confines the term of the concession, so far as the commencement of the work is concerned, to one year. Articles four, five, and six relate to the constitution of the Company and the provisory extension of the term to twenty-five years. Article seven refers to the adjustment of the tariff of charges to the several governments interested.—By the eighth article the public service is to have the precedence over private correspondence. The remaining sections are purely formal.

NEW LINE.—We learn from the Newbern Delta that arrangements are being made by a Mr. Doty, of Norfolk, Va., to place a line of steamers on the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal to run between Newbern, Norfolk, Baltimore and New York. It is stated that by this line shippers will be enabled to have their produce carried through to Norfolk in 35 hours, to Baltimore in 50 hours, and to New York in 70 hours. The arrangement, it is said, is to be completed by the middle of October.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.

Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

PATRICK SPRINGS,
Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people, that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to unmistakable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public.

June 16, '59—jy16-3m. JNO. W. DYER.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.

May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent.*

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS.
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN,
HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET,
WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY,
AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRE

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORREL.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale, Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World, Of any Medicine in the World,
100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages, 100,000 Packages
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina, Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months, In Fourteen Months,
It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure, It is Warranted to Cure
If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed, If Directions are Followed,
Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Any Case of Dyspepsia
Liver Disease, Liver Disease, Liver Disease, Liver Disease, Liver Disease, Liver Disease, Liver Disease, Liver Disease,
Jaundice, Jaundice, Jaundice, Jaundice, Jaundice, Jaundice, Jaundice, Jaundice,
General Debility, General Debility, General Debility, General Debility, General Debility, General Debility, General Debility, General Debility,
Palpitation, Palpitation, Palpitation, Palpitation, Palpitation, Palpitation, Palpitation, Palpitation
Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Diarrhœa,
Giddiness, Giddiness, Giddiness, Giddiness, Giddiness, Giddiness, Giddiness, Giddiness,
Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits, Depressed Spirits,
Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Appetite,
Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back, Pain in Side and Back,
It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to, It is Especially Adapted to
Female Complaints; Female Complaints; Female Complaints; Female Complaints; Female Complaints; Female Complaints; Female Complaints; Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form, It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should, Every Invalid Should
Try One Package. Try One Package. Try One Package. Try One Package. Try One Package. Try One Package. Try One Package. Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any question pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give *Medical Advice Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to Furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless M add that the Association commands the higheest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
June 11—1y.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks $20, One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance

JOHN. E. WHARTON, *Principal.*
June 20, 1859. 17-3tf.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY, **One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds** good Cotton and Linen RAGS.

For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12:6m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,

For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!
10.000 lbs. Beeswax wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.

C. G. Y. TE[illegible],
West-Market St., Greensboro, N. C.
July 8th, 1859. 23-3m.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Foolscap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Blank Warrants,	Ca Sa Bonds,	Attachments,
Writs,	Executions,	Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Jury Tickets,
Land Entries,	Subpœnas,	Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions,	Writs to sell Land,	&c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.

☞ For Jobs or Blanks address or call on
COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My Dear Young Friends.—I think you will be interested in reading the following touching incident of

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

While the Carcase frigate, which went out some years ago to make discoveries toward the North Pole, was locked in the ice, the man at the mast head gave notice, early one morning, that three bears were directing their course toward the ship.—They had no doubt been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse that the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire and drew out of the flames part of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still remaining, on the ice.—These the old bear fetched away singly, laid each lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave to each a share, reserving for herself but a small portion. As she was taking away the last piece, the sailors leveled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have marked the affectoinate concern expressed by this poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up, all the while moaning most piteously. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and having crawled a few paces looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship and uttered a growl of despair, which the crew returned in a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds!

Now I know you must admire the tender affection exhibited by that mother-bear for her young, but would you suppose any human mother could be found with less affection than a dumb brute? Read what follows, and you will see how cruel mothers are in heathen lands, and when you have read it I hope you will feel a desire to aid in sending the Bible to the poor, ignorant heathen mothers to teach them to love their children.

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

There are a great number of wolves in Caffreland. These wolves are very bold and are fond of human flesh. They will often creep at night into a Caffre hut, and slily steal the babe from beneath its mother's ox-skin cloak. Sometimes they are bolder still and attack larger children even in the day time.

One evening, before the Caffres had lain down to sleep in their huts, a little girl about eight years old was lying near the door of her father's dwelling, when four wolves suddenly came upon her; one siezed her by the head, another by the shoulder, and two others by her legs, and carried her off in a moment. The neighbors heard her screams, and ran after these cruel robbers. As soon as they overtook them, they forced the wolves to let go their hold and to scamper away; but they found the poor child dreadfully injured by the teeth of the hungry beasts.

The parents nursed the little sufferer in their hut, but could not heal her wounds. The heat and the flies soon made the child very offensive and loathsome to all around. As the parents thought the child must die, they were anxious to get her out of the hut before she expired, for the Caffres cannot bear to touch a dead body. So they said to her, "Which shall we do to you; shall we call the young men to kill you with their spears, or shall we take you to the woods to die?" How hard are the hearts of the heathen.

If you had been in the place of the Caffre child, which would you have chosen? If she was taken to the woods, she might linger several days before hunger put an end to her life, or the wolves might come again and devour her. The spears would not give her so much pain as the jaws of the wolves, and they would kill her more quickly than hunger. But then who could tell but that some kind persons might find her in the woods, and take pity on her!

The child replied, "Take me to the woods." Her parents carried her to a great distance from her home, and laid her down among some thick trees, where no eye could see her, no ear could hear her dying groans. They did not even stay to watch beside her; they left her there all alone.

When the little girl was by herself, a thought came into her mind;—it was God who put it there. She remembered the missionary; she knew where he lived; she said, "I will try to creep to his house he is kind; he will not cast me out." She found it very hard to drag her wounded limbs over the rough places, and to climb the steep sides of the green hills. After creeping along for several miles, she reached the missionary's dwelling.

The good man was touched with compassion when he beheld the bleeding child. He counted the number of wounds made by the teeth of the cruel wolves; they were fourteen. The most dreadful was the wound in the head. The wolf had tried to cram it all in his jaws, and had torn up the cheek, and had rent away the flesh of the skull. The missionary laid the child upon a soft bed, washed her wounds, and dressed them with ointment and bound them up with linnen cloths, then watched over her day by day, till at length the sore places began to heal.—While he nursed her, he told her of that Saviour who had done more for her than he could; who delivered his lambs from the jaws of Satan, and who laid down his own life that they might not perish.—The missionary did not know whether the little girl loved her Saviour, though he soon saw she loved him; from when she was quite well and the marks were almost gone, he asked her whether she wished to go back to her parents; "Oh no," said she, "they cast me out, but you took me in; I will stay with you."

HOLD ON BOYS.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear lie or speak harshly, or say any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from duty or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, if imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good, throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Reminiscences.

BY VERITAS.

I remember the cottage, that stood by the hill,
And the sacred old church that stood nigh it,
And even the ricketty, little old mill
And the beautiful brook that run by it—
These are scenes that still haunt me, wherever I roam,
And fill me with childish emotion;
Bright scenes of the past, ah! I love them still—
With a child-like, heart-felt devotion.

I remember, ah! yes, I remember the form,—
Of her who first taught me to pray:
"Our Father in Heaven," "take care of thy child
And see that he go not astray."—
Mother, scarce had'st thou taught me to lisp
Thy name in accents of love,—
Ere an angel was sent from the regions of bliss
To wait thy sweet spirit above.

I remember, with sorrow, the brief span of years
That have brought me thus far on life's way;
The sad disappointments, troubles and cares
That ever have clouded each day.
Though I've tasted life's pleasures, and mixed with the crowd
Who have drank till their fancy grew wild,
My heart is the same,—'Twas then as now
Less of the man, than the child.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MOTHERS.—An interesting incident was mentioned lately at one of the Daily Prayer-meetings held in Philadelphia. One of the speakers stated that at a large meeting which he had attended, all the persons present who attributed their conversion to the influence of their mothers, were requested to rise from their seats, *and nearly the entire congregation stood up!*

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

SMALL FARMS.—Small farms in the vicinity of large cities, with ever varying demand for products, are well calculated to be the means of developing superior modes of culture, etc. Their occupants often find themselves subjected to heavy taxes, assessments and increased rents from increased value. Habit renders them unwilling to change their vocation or location, and necessity demands increased results. All these causes tend to develop greater activity, both of mind and body. Hundreds of such instances may be seen about New York; indeed, many, after being compelled to sell half their farms to pay assessments, have realized larger profits than before, with a decreased area for their operations. In looking over our own operations for the last year, we find that three quarters of the net profits of our farm have accrued from one fourth of its area, and that fourth part precisely where we have thoroughly under-drained, sub-soil plowed, fully fertilized, and expended the greatest amount of labor in continued manipulations of the soil. Whatever may be the size of a farm requiring improvements, we would advise any other in preference to the *gradual* system. If the occupant has not enough capital, or cannot furnish the necessary labor from other causes, let him break up no more land than he can thoroughly repair each year. If more cannot be done, at least under-drain, sub-soil plow, and fully manure one acre, and this acre at least will be ready for the raising of high priced crops, while each acre in turn may be similarly improved. Suppose one acre so improved and appropriated to cabbages or other crop, capable of being sold for $1000, how many acres *partially* improved will this one acre represent? The next year the profits of this acre will furnish means to thoroughly and not partially improve two or more acres, and thus in time the whole farm will reach its maximum condition. Some market gardeners on Philadelphia neck, Harsimus and elsewhere, pay $50 per acre rent, and use $75 worth of manure on each acre per annum, and yet make money. Cannot many farmers near large cities put part of their farms to such uses, and as soon as other parts can be put in a similar condition, put the first portion improved to farming crops, having made all the cost of the improvements from *former* crops current with the improvement? May not the whole farm be thus improved, and when put into full condition, who doubts that farming will be profitable.

We do not offer this as mere theory, but know it practically; we have so done on our farm, and it is open to the inspection of our readers at all times. There is no necessity for expending $75 for manures, for this may now be done for $15, if judiciously performed, and the whole expense of permanent improvement may be earned in the current three years while being done. Those who dislike the raising of the more valuable crops, known as truck or market crops, and who wish to confine themselves especially to standard crops, must be contented to improve fewer acres in the same time, but still they should not spread their capital and their energies so thinly over an immense area, as to require a life-time for its realization. Land cannot be improved from an inert condition, without first raising such crops as call for much manipulation of the surface, so as to eradicate weeds and ameliorate the soil. Many may avoid market gardening if they desire, by raising carrots, beets and other crops, which they may feed to cattle with profit, fattening stock, selling milk, etc., but this must be done on the system of *thorough* tillage, so that when the whole farm is once gone over in this way, the whole will be permanently improved for a life-time for the raising of the staple crops. Who should be contented with two tons of hay to the acre, when his neighbor can raise three? Is not the profit on three tons more than double that of two? Are not all the expenses in both cases borne by the first two tons? And if one ton will not more than pay these expenses, then three tons will pay double the profit of two. This is true in degree of all crops, and the thorough farmer who pursues high farming, can alone be successful for the future. —*Working Farmer.*

FRESH MEAT FOR HENS.—The Scientific American publishes an account of a lot of hens eating off the combs of two cocks who were confined with them; as if they thought the matter something new and wonderful. We have known, and perhaps reported, cases of the sort, in which not only roosters, but hens, had lost not only their combs and wattles, but their feathers, by being confined with other fowls without fresh animal food. That is something they must have. If left at large, they find in slugs, snails, larvæ, and worms, that for which fresh meat is a substitute. But something of the sort they must and will have.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

PROBLEM—*By Marcus.*—Sold 9 watermelons, some at 10 cents and the remainder at 15 cents apiece, and received $1.15 for the whole lot. How many were sold at 15 cents?

Answer next week.

REBUS—*By Marcus.*—Entire I am part of a tree and also part of the animal body; take away my last letter and I am what many children often dislike to do; now take away my first letter and I am an organ of the body.

"Tom whom did you say our friend B. married?"

"Well, he married forty thousand dollars; *I forgot her other name.*"

A YANKEE TRICK.—We remember, when we were living down east, of a neighboring farmer hiring a jolly Irishman, who was very fond of learning tricks. One day his employer asked him if he would like to 'learn a Yankee trick.' Bringing him to the end of a brick barn, Jonathan laid his open hand against the wall remarking—

'Pat, I'll bet the liquor you can't hit my hand.'

'It's done!' says Pat making a vicious blow at the palm of the hand, but it being quickly withdrawn he succeeded in peeling the skin and flesh from his knuckles.

'That's a darned nasty trick!' roared Pat, 'but howled on, I'll cheat somebody else.'

A few months passed, and Pat's brother came from Ireland as green as early peas. They both labored together, but Pat was uneasy till he would have learned his brother the Yankee trick.

'Jim, did you ever learn a Yankee trick?'

'Niver.'

Pat finding himself in the centre of a large field, thought it would be a great loss of time to go to the barn, and reaching out his open hand, he cried—

'Strike that, if you can!'

Jim made a desperate pass but Pat having pulled away his hand Jim fell over after the blow, remarking, that 'that was an old woman's trick'

'Try it now!' shrieked Pat, with laughter, placing the same open hand against his own mouth.

Jim prepared for a sockdoliger, and bringing his massive 'bunch of fives' in loving proximity with Pat's nose and mouth, who pulled away his hand as before, he sent him reeling to the earth, with the loss of four teeth and a large quantity of blood for learning the Yankee trick.—*Ex.*

The man who was always splitting with laughter, has been recommended to try an ax.

The hod carrier who supports a family of eight children and two dogs on a dollar a day, displays more true heroism than is required to effect a conquest on a battle field. So says an exchange. In this view, it is consoling to know that the age of chivalry will never die until architects find a substitute for brick and mortar.

An extract from a letter by a young lady, says: "What were mankind without curiosity? Not much; and I think Eve the smarter of the two. While Adam was dreaming, she was searching around inquiring into the whys and wherefores.' To be sure, she did get into trouble, but if Adam hadn't been thinking of self, he would have told her to put away the apple and be quiet, and she, like a good wife, would have done so—till he was'nt looking!"

Mr. Snub preceived that the milk he was pouring into his coffee-cup was none of the richest. On this he said to his hostess; 'Haven't you any milk a little more cheerful than this?' 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why, this milk seems overpowered by the blues.'

Most persons are particularly spiteful against those foibles in others which they themselves have. They remind us of a monkey scratching and grinning at the mimic monkey in the glass.

Why is the last act of Hamlet peculiarly Irish? Because it begins with a funeral and ends with a fight!

Susan was desirous of purchasing a watch. The maker showed her, among others, a beautiful one, remarkingthat it went thirty-six hours. "In one day!" asked poor Susan.

She was just from a fashionable boarding school we presume.

GOOD SHOT.—Mr. David Jamieson, of Staunton, Va. winged a mocking bird, a few days since, at the distance of 50 or 60 feet, with a rifle ball, and secured the old bird, with her young ones, without drawing blood. He shot with this object.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her "sun never sets."

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